

AMERICA

A CATHOLIC REVIEW OF THE WEEK

AUGUST 1, 1942

WHO'S WHO

PACIFICO A. ORTIZ, S.J., a native Filipino, is detailed as Chaplain to President Quezon of the Philippines. He was in Manila during the siege of that city and accompanied the Presidential party to Corregidor when Manila fell. After two terrible months on the famous and fated fortress, he accompanied Mr. Quezon and his family on their dangerous trip to America by submarine, speedboat and flying fortress. What he writes about the Philippines has eye-witness authenticity and racial understanding. . . . JOHN LAFARGE answers a question put by Ralph Barton Perry: how can we live after the war with a victorious Russia? . . . LT. COL. ELBRIDGE COLBY, author of several books on military subjects, has a doctorate in philosophy from Columbia University, and was a professor of literature before entering on an Army career. . . . FLOYD ANDERSON, formerly connected with this Review, is now engaged in journalism and radio work in Wisconsin. His column, *Catholic News and Views*, is widely syndicated in the secular press of the West and South. . . . CHARLES A. BRADY, whose writings in these columns have attracted no little attention, is professor of English at Canisius College, Buffalo. His thoughts on the coincidences that link two Saints, Bernadette and Joan of Arc, highlight still further the beauties of Franz Werfel's *Song of Bernadette*. . . . Correction: the *Who's Who* in the July 18 issue assigned the author of *They Said, Heraclitus*, Joseph Dever, to Holy Cross College. Lest the loyal alumni of Boston College vent their wrath on us, we hasten to say "oops!"

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COMMENT

NO small degree of added confidence in the clarity and practicability of our war aims should be the effect of Secretary Hull's address to the nation the evening of July 23. In the course of his well rounded and comprehensive discourse, Mr. Hull made clear what has been very definitely calling for clarification: that the Four Freedoms are not to be blindly imposed upon the world as the result of the victory of the United Nations. His language in this respect is distinctly reassuring, particularly in view of the previous approving announcement that the President had given to his speech. Liberty, in his view, is something far beyond mere removal of political shackles. It must enable men "to obtain through work the material and spiritual means of life; to advance through the exercise of ability, initiative and enterprise; to make provision against the hazards of human existence." But "all these advances," says the Secretary—political, economic, social, spiritual—"can be achieved by each nation primarily through its own work and effort, mainly through its own wise policies and actions." Lest these words still leave any misconception, he adds:

It is impossible for any nation or group of nations to prescribe the methods or provide the means by which any other nation can accomplish or maintain its own political and economic independence, be strong, prosper, and attain high spiritual goals. It is possible, however, for all nations to give and to receive help.

The Secretary's ideas for such help are concrete and guided by international charity as well as international justice. He looks to the nations to "go forward in the manner of their own choosing" after we have enabled them to get upon their feet. He appeals for "intensive study and hard thinking" now, toward this end. His words have considerably straightened the path we are to follow.

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LAST WEEK a sensational proposal for dealing with the underseas threat to our communications emanated from an unexpected quarter. Henry J. Kaiser is a Pacific Coast shipbuilder whose Liberty ships have been sliding down the ways with heartening regularity. Yet, speaking at a launching, in the presence of Rear Admiral Howard L. Vickery, vice chairman of the Maritime Commission, he bluntly announced that the aerial freighter, not the ship, was the answer to the submarine. Advocating that the facilities of nine shipyards be turned over immediately to the production of giant flying boats, each one capable of carrying 100 fully armed men or a payload of fourteen tons, Mr. Kaiser maintained that in this way only could we transport, in comparative safety, the men and materials needed all over the world. It will be interesting now to watch for the reaction from Washington. We are losing the Battle of the Atlantic, and

although ships are being turned out faster than ever before, they are being sent to the ocean's bottom faster still—and right in our own backyard, too. Furthermore, the nature of this war is such that we must maintain our long lines of communications with Europe and Asia, or lose it. Will we continue, then, to rely solely on old and apparently ineffective methods of dealing with the submarine, or will we fight this modern war with the imagination and daring characteristic of the nation? We do not know whether Mr. Kaiser's solution is the right one, but on the face of it, it merits the serious attention of those charged with the war-effort.

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WASTEFUL as war is, it does at times pay some pretty solid dividends. The President-elect of Colombia, Alfonso Lopez, speaking at a dinner in his honor in New York, remarked that it was this very sight of "the spectacle of outpouring blood and treasure by the United States in the cause of humanity" which is having a tremendous effect south of the Rio Grande in convincing our Southern neighbors of the sincerity of our overtures toward them, a mighty change from the bad old days of "dollar diplomacy and the big stick." If, from the war, we do attain to a better understanding of and collaboration with the South-American countries, we will have gone far in solving the question of stable world peace. We shall have laid, to quote Dr. Lopez, "one of the stable foundations of the future economy of the United States beyond its territorial limits," we shall have set up a whole hemisphere as a lesson of corporate amity to the cock-pit that is Europe. But since the nations with which we have to cooperate are Christian, the basis for rapprochement must be Christian. Any League of American Nations, such as Dr. Lopez suggested, must avoid the error of the original League—it must begin with and be governed by a clear enunciation of the Christian concept of the state and its relation to others. We dare to forget that South America is Catholic at our own risk.

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LEON HENDERSON'S 1942 "design for living" has a Spartan steeliness about it which may well give all of us an opportunity to discover whether modern, luxurious life has softened our national fiber. Hands which once closed on nothing more utilitarian than a golf-club or a Tom Collins glass, may become intimately acquainted with a coal shovel. Increased demands for labor in war industries and the lure of higher wages will make domestic servants a vanishing breed. There will be food enough for all and clothing also; but the food may look back more and more to pioneer simplicity, while the clothing may well sacrifice cut

and vogue to homespun functionalism. Every American citizen will know the pinch; it will be his private little war wound. The rich man, the people in the middle brackets and the poor will feel the war's long bayonets stretching out into private lives. How will America meet the challenge? Anyone who is proud of our nation and our traditions cannot but believe that we will arise magnificently to meet any sacrifice which embattled democracy may ask of us. There will be no sighing for the flesh pots of Egypt, but a grim-lipped resolution to show ourselves and the rest of the world that we can take it.

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CLOSE upon the death of Maury Paul, society's exquisite Boswell under the familiar pseudonym of Cholly Knickerbocker, comes the announcement by the *Washington Post* that for the duration of the war it would "report briefly, if at all, on any purely social event." The handwriting is on the wall, then, for the society page, as other newspapers will probably follow the lead. The times are not in tune for the detailed chronicles of the socially prominent and their unimportant doings. Pages of betrothals and weddings and parties and teas, lists of social register names, who wore what and who went where, arrivals and departures and all the other trivia of that strange world called "society", do strike a discordant note beside the grim dispatches of the war. When one reads the tragic story of the torpedo planes which went out at Midway and did not come back, or of lads departing for Australia, Ulster, Africa or Alaska, it does not seem terribly important that So-and-So and daughter have toddled off to Newport or Bar Harbor. The rattle of machine guns has drowned out the tinkle of champagne glasses and the whistle of bombs, the rustle of silks. But "society" will survive the war. The society page will be back. But who knows who the Who's Who will be by that time?

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POETRY may seem an airy-fairy business, with the world at war, but think a bit, and you will realize that now, more than ever, we need to preserve and foster cultural values, if for no other reason than that they are being perverted to ignoble ends in some countries. That Catholics are in the forefront of this drive, as they have always been through the ages (remember the arsenals of culture in the Middle Ages?), is shown by the recently published *Anthology of Magazine Verse for 1938-42*, edited by Alan F. Pater. Only three magazines in the whole country have more of their poems included than has *Spirit*, the organ of the Catholic Poetry Society. AMERICA does pretty well, too, for though it is not a poetry magazine, only seven magazines have had more selections included. All told, the Catholic magazines contribute roughly one-fifth of the verse to the anthology. This is heartening—we *do* have an influence. We must increase it, make it vigorous and vocal, and we will help to win the world back to the arts of peace.

THOUGH more spectacular stories have driven them off the front page, Jehovah's Witnesses are still standing trial in courts all over the country. Recently Justice Bodine of the New Jersey Supreme Court, citing a New York precedent, ruled that "the flag is dishonored by a salute by a child in reluctant and terrified obedience to a command of secular authority which clashes with the dictates of conscience." Two weeks ago in Ohio, the Washington County Ministerial Association protested a pending ordinance which would curtail the activities of the Witnesses. Asserting that the legislative apparatus of democracy was already adequate to any problem of the kind, the Association averred that we must either protect minorities or forfeit our birthright. The Louisiana Supreme Court has just handed down a decision on Amos Teague, an ordained minister of the Witnesses, arrested in Shreveport for "soliciting orders for the sale of goods." Not "by any stretch of judicial interpretation," said the Court, could Teague "be placed in the category of a peddler, hawker or solicitor." The Court stated a principle:

To hold otherwise, we would be compelled to attribute to the City Council of Shreveport the intention of declaring that the visitation into homes (without previous invitations) by priests and ministers of all religious denominations, accompanied by the sale of Biblical literature, constituted a nuisance and a misdemeanor.

Whatever one may think of the parallel, the inference is obvious. We must safeguard all rights—that of the householder against trespassers; that of minorities to free speech. It would be easy to start a witch-hunt in these hectic days. Dislike for Rutherfordian theology and polemics might easily betray us into missing the principle involved; and in our loyalty to the flag, we might well deny one of the essential doctrines which it symbolizes.

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ENCOURAGING is farsightedness on the part of the International Labor Organization. In the most recent Community Lecture at Columbia University, Doctor Carter Goodrich, of the graduate faculties of that University, and United States Member of the Governing Board of the ILO, gave a factual line-up of the Organization's current attempts at post-war planning. Not least interesting were re-statements of the desires so emphatically expressed by diverse members of the 1941 Conference that plans be set afoot even then for settlement of the common man's problems when the great shift of industries begins. Even as recently as the meeting in London, in April of this year, the conviction became more vivid that labor policies have little meaning for the future unless launched in a sound economy. One excellent job now being done by the ILO is to send expert advisers on social insurance techniques to the Governments of South America. This attempt to improve the workers' efficiency and general condition reaches right through the Bolivian tin industry and the jungle sources of rubber, so sorely needed now, on to the day when tin and rubber will still be demanded, but for different purposes.

FROM London, on July 8, His Eminence Arthur Cardinal Hinsley, Archbishop of Westminster, broadcast an appeal in behalf of hapless Poland, to "all Christian people everywhere." Speaking in measured tones, His Eminence solemnly indicted the Nazis for having "no higher ideals than the tigers of the jungle." He begged the world not to dismiss his words as mere propaganda, and referred to unimpeachable eye-witnesses and documents as the sources of his information.

In Poland alone the Nazis have massacred 700,000 Jews since the outbreak of war. . . . Everything religious, whether Jewish, Catholic or Orthodox, is the target of the pagan hatred of the Nazi agents in Poland.

Turning then to the Catholics of Germany, the Cardinal assured them that the Holy Father is said to be "convinced of the truth of the reports he has received . . . on the martyr's fate of Poland." That diabolical, anti-religious fury of the Nazis, the Cardinal warned, was aimed not only at Poland and the Polish clergy, but at religion everywhere in the world.

MASSES of Requiem throughout the world and solemn memorial services in London, Stockholm, Jerusalem and Berne marked July 6, first anniversary of the death of Paderewski, great Polish patriot and pianist. On this occasion, KAP, the Polish Catholic Press Agency in London, recalled the words of Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, at the funeral last year:

Paderewski's life was lived for God and with Him. That was the motivation of his great musical genius; that was the inspiration of his great patriotic heart.

Meanwhile in Edinburgh, Polish doctors and students, under the direction of Dr. Anthony Jurasz, famous Polish surgeon, are conducting the Paderewski Memorial Hospital, said to be the last center of Polish learning in Europe. After the war, the hospital will be transplanted to Poland. An N.C. W.C. News release gives the major credit of supporting this hospital to Americans, whose constant gifts constitute the chief and most consistent revenue.

IN APRIL, 1939, the State Legislature of Oklahoma passed a law providing free bus transportation for the pupils of private and parochial schools. Some time later, the State's Attorney declared the law unconstitutional. Appeal was made to the District Court of Oklahoma County, but that Court refused to grant a writ requiring school buses to carry parochial school students. Now the State Supreme Court has permitted an appeal of the case to the United States Supreme Court. In the state of Washington, Judge Wilson of the Thurston County Superior Court ruled that the school bus law, which entitled private and parochial school pupils to ride, is unconstitutional.

LATEST among the nations to send diplomatic representatives to the Vatican is Finland. On July 9, George Achates Gripenberg, that country's first Minister to the Holy See arrived in Rome, and will shortly present his credentials at the Papal City.

SPEAKING at a meeting held by the Catholic Action Youth of Mexico in honor of the Pope's episcopal silver jubilee, the Most Rev. Luis M. Martinez, Archbishop of Mexico, paid a glowing tribute to Christ's Vicar:

The figure of His Holiness Pope Pius XII stands out in the tragic setting of the present stage. Clothed with extensive culture, endowed with remarkable prudence, marvelous serenity, and profound knowledge of the human heart, initiated into the secrets of diplomacy, and an acute observer of the problems of the epoch, Pius XII has profound and fecund truths to tell to men. . . . His heart is the heart of a father for all men. In this tragic and solemn hour . . . Pius XII has not lost his august serenity and clear vision, nor his optimism based on love and hope.

The clangor of war and the roar of uninhibited passions will not be tumultuous enough, Archbishop Martinez prophesied, to drown out the gentle but firm voice of the Vatican.

FROM the headquarters of the Conference of Catholic Charities in Washington comes the announcement that the joint annual meeting of Catholic Charities and the Society of St. Vincent de Paul will be primarily preoccupied this year with war problems. The meeting will take place in Kansas City, September 27. Most Rev. Edwin V. O'Hara, Bishop of Kansas City and host to the Conference, has asked that social problems be so phrased and outlined that the laity can not only understand them but be fired to participate in a solution of them.

WITH the approval of Most Rev. John F. O'Hara, of the Military Ordinariate, the Notre Dame student commission for decent literature, will soon release the first issue of a *Chaplain's Digest*. As a clearing house for bulletins from various Chaplains in the armed forces, the *Digest* will give these priests an opportunity to pool their findings and exchange feasible solutions of the problems which face all of them. The first edition of the *Digest*, now on the presses, will go out to 500 Chaplains who constitute the *Digest's* mailing list and catalog of potential contributors alike. This excellent work is under the immediate supervision of Rev. John Lynch, C.S.C., Prefect of Religion at the University. The Commission has already published a leaflet, purpose of which is to give the soldiers a complete view of the interrelationships of Catholicism and Americanism.

LAST April a combined committee of Catholic, Protestant and Jewish clergymen proposed a plan, in the District of Columbia, to give religious instruction in the schools on "released" time. The suggestion called for weekly religious instruction on regular school time, "released" to the clergy for that purpose. The Board of Education of the District of Columbia has rejected the proposal, according to a Religious News Service dispatch. While admitting the importance of religious training, the Board protested that the war has already made too many inroads on the hours available for the ordinary curriculum.

THE NATION AT WAR

THE OFFICE of War Information announced that since the war's beginning, United States armed forces have suffered 44,143 casualties—4,801 dead, 3,218 wounded, 36,124 missing. In addition, 1,022 Navy officers and men were reported prisoners of war. Figures for the Army were: killed, 902; wounded, 1,413; missing, 17,452. For the Philippine Scouts: killed 479; wounded 754; missing 11,000. For the Navy: killed, 3,420; wounded 1,051; missing, 7,672. Casualties suffered by the Philippine Commonwealth Army are not included in the above list. . . . Admiral William D. Leahy was appointed Chief of Staff to the Commander in Chief, President Roosevelt. . . . Former Ambassador to Rome, William Phillips, was named chief of the United States Office of Strategic Services in London. . . . The United States closed its consular office in Finland, requested Finland to cease her consular activities here by August 1. . . . Launched were the United States destroyers *Davison*, *Edwards*, *Sauflery*; the submarines *Scamp* and *Scorpion*. . . . The bodies of twenty-nine crewmen of a German submarine sunk by an American destroyer on Atlantic patrol were buried with full military honors in the National Cemetery at Hampton, Va. . . . Axis submarines sank fifteen Allied merchant vessels off the Atlantic Coast, in the Gulf of Mexico and in the Caribbean. Two Allied ships went to the bottom in the Indian Ocean. . . . United States underseas craft sank three Japanese destroyers in the vicinity of Kiska, Aleutian Islands. The Nipponese have set up temporary quarters on the Aleutian islands—Attu, Kiska, Agattu. A. J. Diamond, Alaskan Delegate, stated he had been informed 20,000 to 25,000 Japanese have landed in the Western Aleutians. Long-range Army bombers staged several air raids on Kiska. . . . Major General Lewis H. Brereton, formerly chief of the United States Army Air Forces in India, took over command of the American air squadrons in Egypt. United States airmen hammered enemy shipping at Tobruk and in the Gulf of Bomba, scored a direct hit on a large supply ship and a tanker, set four fires in the Tobruk dock area. . . . Lieutenant General Joseph W. Stilwell's headquarters in China announced that American bombers sank two Japanese vessels near Kiukiang in Kiangsi, dropped twelve 220-pound bombs on docks and warehouses at Hankow, destroyed three enemy planes at Nanchang airdrome. At Canton, bombs were dropped on sixty enemy planes massed on the field. Japanese Army headquarters at Linchwan was pounded. . . . The Japanese landed forces at Buna, 100 miles across the southeastern peninsula of New Guinea from Port Moresby. Allied planes attacked the enemy invasion fleet, sank a transport and a barge, shot down a seaplane, inflicted losses on Nipponese troops. Others raids left two enemy transports afire. . . . The large Japanese liner, *Taiyo Maru*, a delayed report revealed, was sunk by an American submarine off Hong Kong in May. . . . A huge convoy landed additional United States forces in Britain.

JOHN A. TOOMEY

WASHINGTON FRONT

ELMER DAVIS' Office of War Information (OWI) was not organized until mid-July, and it is too soon to expect results. It will not hurt, however, to set down how it is supposed to work. First of all, it supplanted at least two other agencies: Robert Horton's Information Division of the Office of Emergency Management (OEM), our chief civilian war agency, of which OWI is a part; and Archibald MacLeish's Office of Facts and Figures (OFF), sometimes referred to as the Office of Fuss and Fury. The best thing Mr. Davis has done to date, therefore, has been to put an end to no end of confusion and overlapping.

In the new set-up, there are two main branches: Domestic and Overseas respectively, under Gardner Cowles, Jr., of the Des Moines *Register and Tribune* and *Look* collectively, and Robert Sherwood, of Broadway. Mr. Sherwood is supposed to know all about Europe, and he may, for all I know. There is another main branch, with the curious title of Policy Development. So far as anybody knows, it exists mainly to soothe the feelings of Archibald MacLeish, who already has a job as Librarian of Congress, and who hereabouts is looked at askance for changing his peace "line" at the precise moment that Russia changed hers. Mr. MacLeish has just been sent to England to confer on "policy" with his opposite number at Whitehall. Robert Horton has been made Chief of the News Bureau, an important post, and Lowell Mellett is Chief of the Motion Picture Bureau, somewhat to the surprise of the industry of the same name, which hoped that the post might be held by a motion-picture man. Katherine Blackburne will serve the readers of this column, among others, for she is Chief of the Bureau of Public Inquiries, a ticklish job, if you ask me. There is also a Bureau of Special Operations, about which this deponent knoweth nothing, for the nonce. For overseas dissemination of news, etc., OWI has taken over Colonel Donovan's functions, leaving to the brave Colonel the collection of information abroad, or, in plain language, our spy work, or "intelligence," as the polite phrase has it.

So far, Washington newsmen are satisfied, mostly because they like Mr. Davis, and because anything is better than what was. He did go to bat for them in the Great Nazi Spy Trial, though with little success, and he apparently has won the right to make the Army and Navy consult him on news.

The truth is that Mr. Davis has a tough job. It lies at the heart of the democratic process, at the very point where that process conflicts with war. Does truth or lies, or the suppression of truth, better serve a democracy at war? Does public opinion count for anything now? What is the difference between confession of defeat and confession of error?

These are some of the problems which Mr. Davis will have to face and solve. The comparison of his task with that of George Creel in the last war is obvious. But of that, more later.

WILFRID PARSONS

FILIPINO LOYALTY UNSHAKEN BY JAPAN'S LEAFLETS AND BOMBS

PACIFICO A. ORTIZ, S.J.

AS the clocks of Manila struck midnight, the ominous drone of approaching planes was heard. Air-raid sirens screamed their eerie warning to the sleeping city, and as if touched by some mysterious evil hand all the lights from the windows, motorcars and street lamps were extinguished one by one. Manila in its first blackout looked like a ghost city. But out of the darkness that wrapped its streets and windows and roof-tops, rose the sound of merriment and the haunting strains of native songs and *kundimans*. Here was a people that could still laugh and sing, though the clouds of war hung dark and threatening over the eastern skies.

Prior to the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor, the average Filipino gave his whole-hearted cooperation to the Government emergency measures, such as the blackout and evacuation practice, the food production campaign, and the call to military service. But at the same time he was not worried over Hitler's next blitz and Japan's next push, to the extent of losing his appetite or his native gaiety. He submitted to the blackout; but he took it as a show to be seen with friends and neighbors and followed by a midnight *merienda* of bread and coffee. He joined the crowd on evacuation practice, but he went not merely as an evacuee. Picnicker and excursionist he must also be. This strange gaiety and playfulness in the very face of imminent war were by no means symptoms of war myopia or of a false optimism on the part of the Filipino people or their leaders. In the light of the heroic defense of Bataan, it would be fairer to say that they were an indication of a people's unquenchable exuberance, a dare-devil, do-or-die spirit expressing itself in airy nonchalance and humor that would not be denied.

That there was a strong wave of optimism among our people no one can deny. But it was the kind of optimism which we shared in common with the Americans, an optimism which led us to believe that as long as the Stars and Stripes waved over our land, the Japanese would never dare attack the Philippines, that in any event, Japan was a half-starving country, bled white after her five-year-old campaign in China; that certainly the Japanese Navy was no match for the better-fed, better-trained American Navy. To our grief, we under-estimated Japan's strength. We forgot that precisely because Japan had been at war for five years, her soldiers and officers were seasoned vet-

erans, and the fighting spirit of her people was geared up for total war. We forgot that behind Japan's war threat stood all her vast reserves of war *matériel* piled up during many years of secret preparation, and that she could command the fanatic courage, the devilish cunning, the unscrupulous treachery of a desperate army.

Thanks, however, to the foresight and strong leadership of President Manuel Quezon, the Commonwealth of the Philippines was not caught totally unprepared for war. As early as August of 1940, after the sudden collapse of France, the National Assembly approved the Emergency Powers Bill. That bill declared that the Philippines were facing a grave national emergency, and conferred on President Quezon for the duration of such an emergency, the power to guide and control all industries and commerce, to commandeer all means of water and land transportation, to fix the minimum price of essential commodities, to conscript all available manpower not engaged in essential occupation, in short, to issue rules and regulations deemed necessary to preserve the safety and integrity of the Philippines. In accordance with these powers, President Quezon created the Civilian Emergency Administration, charged with the formation of Volunteer Guard Units, the protection of the civilian population from air raids, the safeguarding of industries and utilities, the administration of food supplies, the medical and sanitary welfare of civilians, and the "execution of such other measures as may be necessary for the safeguarding of the inhabitants against hunger, pestilence, lawlessness and other dangers which the nature of modern warfare entails."

At the same time, the United States was sending to the Philippines troops, planes, tanks and ammunition in ever increasing quantities. The Philippine Air Corps and Philippine Army reservists were incorporated into the American Army. General Douglas MacArthur was appointed by President Roosevelt Commanding General of all the United States Army Forces in the Far East. Joint Pacific defense parleys were being held in Manila by American, Dutch and British military and naval authorities. Military and civilian defense preparations were being rushed at a feverish speed; but they were far from being sufficient or completed. And before they could be completed, Japan struck suddenly, like lightning in the night.

Six hours after the bombing of Pearl Harbor,

Japanese planes bombed the Philippines. But their first bombs were not meant for the Filipinos—they were meant only for the Americans. The Japanese hoped to employ successfully in the Philippines the same mode of attack that they had employed so successfully in Malaya, Burma and the Dutch East Indies: divide and rule. They hoped to divide and alienate the Filipinos from the Americans. So during the first days of the war Japanese planes would fly over Luzon, drop bombs on American Army posts, turn around and drop—not bombs—but leaflets on our civilian population. "We are not fighting against the Filipinos," they said in these leaflets, "we are only fighting against the Americans. Filipinos, Japan is your friend. Japan will liberate you from American oppression and tyranny!"

They thought they would succeed. But when on the next day they attempted their first landing on Philippine soil, they found the flower of our Filipino youth fighting shoulder to shoulder with their American comrades on the hot white shores of the Lingayen Gulf. The first landing was bloodily repulsed. Landings and more landings, however, were successfully made by the Japanese at selected points of Northern and Southern Luzon. Despite terrific bombing and strafing by enemy planes, outnumbered in men and tanks, unprotected by planes of our own (most of our planes were destroyed on the ground the very first day of the war), our boys kept on fighting a gallant rearguard action on the plains of Central Luzon, until ordered to retreat to Bataan.

In the forests and hills and virgin tropical jungles of this peninsula, history repeated itself. It was here that forty-three years ago President Quezon, then a young Major in the Philippine Revolutionary Army, led his brave little guerilla band in the fight for freedom, until, worn out by fatigue and privation in this malaria-infested country, he had to surrender to the Commanding General of the American forces, the late General Arthur MacArthur, father of our own General Douglas MacArthur. Forty-three years have passed since then, and our one-time invaders have turned out to be our best friends and benefactors.

Once again the Philippines were fighting for their life and for their freedom. Seventy-five thousand young men of the Philippine Army, side by side with seven thousand American troops under the brilliant leadership of General Douglas MacArthur, made a final heroic stand against the savage attacks of a numerically superior enemy with absolute command of the air and of the sea. But in the end, having fought for four months to the ultimate limits of human endurance, their numbers whittled down by ceaseless enemy bombings and infantry attacks, their bodies weakened by the assaults of hunger and malaria, our American and Filipino troops were forced to surrender. About three thousand American soldiers lie buried in the marshes of Bataan; and beside them in those shallow graves are the bodies of thirty-six to forty thousand Filipino boys. Many of them at the beginning of December were carefree college lads in our classes in Manila. They will never be forgotten!

Bataan finally fell; but as long as there are free men in the world, the story of Bataan will always be remembered alongside Valley Forge and Tila Pass, forever stirring, forever glorious—the story of two peoples united by the blood and tears shed by American and Filipino boys fighting side by side, against overwhelming odds, comrades in arms, comrades in death, heroes all.

But loyalty and courage were not confined to the army. The civilian population of the Philippines deserves our admiration and gratitude no less. When, on the morning of December 8, our people read the news of the bombing of Pearl Harbor, there was no doubt at all in their minds as to what stand to take in the war. Their stand was clear and unmistakable. It was expressed for them by President Quezon four months before the attack on Pearl Harbor: "We owe loyalty to America, and we are bound to her by bonds of everlasting gratitude. Should the United States enter the war, the Philippines would follow her and fight by her side, placing at her disposal all our manpower and all our material resources, however limited these might be. We stand with the United States in life and in death."

In sharp contrast with the passive attitude of the native population of Java, Thailand, Malaya and Burma, the Filipinos regarded the Pacific war as their own war to be fought by them side by side with the Americans. They knew that in this war the Filipinos, more so than the Americans, were playing for tremendous stakes—their political independence, their economic survival and their Christian and democratic way of life.

This was their own war, and they fought it whole-heartedly, gallantly. They were asked to remain calm, and they remained calm. They were asked to give the army the right of way, and whatever means of transportation they possessed, and they did so willingly. They were asked to remain in their own towns or cities until ordered by military authorities to evacuate, and they remained. There were no streams of straggling refugees on the roads when our army had to retreat hurriedly into Bataan. Young boys from college were asked to report back for military training in their own respective colleges, and they answered the call enthusiastically. And when the Japanese army was closing in on Manila, and these youngsters had to be disbanded, many of them wrested a reluctant consent from their parents and joined the bottled-up army in Bataan. They knew not what sufferings, what privations, what grim and bloody battles were in store for them in the jungles of Bataan. They only knew that they were old enough to carry a gun, and that their country in mortal peril was calling them—and "theirs not to reason why, theirs but to do or die!"

In the meantime, after bottling up our army in Bataan, the Japanese intensified their propaganda campaign for their so-called "East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere." Through the Japanese-controlled radio station and newspaper in Manila, and through leaflets dropped over our lines in Bataan, they sought to win the confidence and friendship of the

Filipinos and to destroy their loyalty to the United States. "The Americans have abandoned you," their messages said. "You are fighting a hopeless war. We have destroyed the American Navy at Pearl Harbor and in the Java Sea. We have driven the Dutch and the English from Malaya and Singapore. We will give you your independence. Join the East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere and keep Asia for the Asiatics!"

And to add a semblance of sincerity to their protestations of friendship, the Japanese, shortly after the fall of Manila, formed a temporary government, designated as the Executive Commission, with former Under-Secretary Jorge Vargas as Chairman, and prominent Senators and former officials of President Quezon's Cabinet as members. This Commission is, of course, under the immediate control of the Commanding General of the Japanese Army of Occupation. Our people know that these men have been forced against their will into the positions which they now occupy. And therefore as long as their cooperation with the Japanese is merely of the kind that confines itself to maintaining public order and looking after the welfare and safety of the inhabitants of the Philippines, our people will regard their position merely as a necessary evil. Our people will not consider these men as traitors to their country. But at the same time there is no danger that all this Japanese propaganda will meet with success; the people of the Philippines will not lose their loyalty to the United States, nor will they lose hope in the ultimate victory of the forces of freedom. The Filipinos know full well what Japanese victory and Japanese conquest of the Philippines would mean to them and to their children. They are not deceived by the honeyed promises of Japan.

Japanese conquest would be the death-knell of their age-old dream of national independence, and the beginning of a dark and bitter age of Japanese tyranny. Far from fighting for the establishment of the so-called East Asia Co-Prosperity Sphere, Japan is fighting for the establishment of an empire that will stretch from the Sea of Japan to the waters of the Indian Ocean. Japan's dark record in Formosa, Korea and Manchuria show us what brand of imperialism she wants to implant in the territories she has conquered: an imperialism that through brutality and terrorism seeks the complete monopoly not only of the raw materials, trade, commerce and manpower of a conquered nation but also the monopoly of its people's thoughts and ideals.

The people of the Philippines are beginning to see the signs of this monopolistic, totalitarian imperialism. Our farm laborers are ordered to cultivate all available ricefields under the supervision of expert Japanese farmers. All of our sugar centers in Luzon and in the Visayan Islands are being operated for the benefit of the Japanese army. Throughout the occupied provinces, the only legal currency is the paper money issued by the Japanese occupation army. Freedom of speech and freedom of the press are gone. Listening to foreign broadcasts is a punishable crime—becoming rarer be-

cause of the confiscation of short-wave radio sets being carried out by the Japanese army. Last month (June, 1942), eight Filipino patriots were executed by the Japanese for secretly listening to American propaganda broadcast from the United States. Previously, sixty-five Filipinos were sentenced to death or imprisonment for violating military laws restricting their freedom. No newspaper or magazine publication is allowed to be printed unless it has the approval of Japanese authorities. Japanese culture and the Japanese language are to be taught in the schools. One hundred and thirty licensed Japanese teachers are on their way from Japan to begin Japanese language courses in Manila, Iloilo, Zamboanga and Baguio. Tokyo reports that "a hundred thousand experts in all subjects will shortly be imported from Japan to complete the Japanization of the Philippines!"

Shortly after the occupation of Manila, the Japanese burned all the books of the University of the Philippines, which referred in any way to democracy, or Anglo-Saxon culture or civilization. A text-book board has been set up in Manila to eliminate all reference to democracy in the textbooks to be used in the schools. And as a genuine contribution of Japanese culture, "red-light zones" are to be designated and protected in the very city of Manila.

To such a despotic pagan regime, the people of the Philippines will never submit. Given the arms and the means necessary, guerilla warfare will go on indefinitely in the mountains of Luzon, Mindanao and the Visayas. Two months ago, in May, the Japanese burned the City of Cebu to the ground, in reprisal for the resistance which its people put up against the entry of the Japanese army. Radio Tokyo later announced that Cebu's fate should serve as a warning to all Filipinos. So may it always be . . . may it be a warning to sixteen million Filipinos and to all the peoples of the Orient of what will happen to their country in the event of Japanese domination! Everything they hold dear and sacred will go up in smoke—the peace of their homes, the dignity of their workingmen, the sacredness of their womanhood, the sanctity of their churches, the unity of their people, their happiness, their freedom and their ancestors' deathless dream of a free and independent Philippines. Through the weird glare of their burning towns and cities, "through the bloody haze of Bataan's last, reverberating shot," may the Filipino people "always see the vision of those grim, gaunt, ghastly men" who fought and died for their country's freedom, hoping against hope in the darkest hour of the night that the day of final victory would surely dawn triumphantly over the Land of the Morning!

We have faith in America. We know that when President Roosevelt gave to the people of the Philippines his "solemn pledge that their freedom would be redeemed and their independence established and protected," he voiced the resolve of a hundred and thirty million American hearts, pledging their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor.

A DOGMATIC CHRISTIANITY CAN WITHSTAND COMMUNISM

JOHN LaFARGE

SINCE the question is now raised, I feel free to talk. When the Russian people are fighting so magnificently for their own lives, and for ours as well, it might seem tactless and inconsiderate to start speculating about our attitude toward them after the fighting is over. Ralph Barton Perry, however, comes to the rescue and writes a three-column letter to the Sunday New York Times for July 12. He believes it is unfair not to raise this question as to the "intellectual and moral foundations" of our present association with Russia.

Says Professor Perry: "It is not only foolish but in the highest degree dangerous" merely to patch up a "temporary truce in the presence of a common danger, while reserving . . . old hostilities and suspicions for a more convenient occasion."

Let us therefore frankly recognize the causes which have divided us from our Russian ally and make every effort to remove them. It is not necessary to repudiate either conscience or conviction. If we have hated the cruelties of the Russian revolution and of its later liquidations and purges, if we have condemned the debasing practices of terrorism, if we have believed that the Russo-German pact let loose the present war and that the attack on Finland was an unwarranted aggression, if we have disapproved the suppression of religion and rejected the Marxist economy, there is no reason for reversing these judgments.

Since these, and a few other items in this vein, happen to be my own convictions, I am naturally interested as to where the inquiry will lead.

I am entirely in agreement with him when he asks for "magnanimity and understanding. To be fair toward those whom circumstances have made our allies involves no recantation or disloyalty." And I believe he means these words earnestly.

Very reasonably he reminds us, we can in all fairness take into account the "evils of Tsarist Russia"; and we can "become more vividly aware of the failures of our own democracy—our failure to prevent the great depression of 1930, or to solve the problems of war, unemployment, poverty and racial discrimination."

The point at which he eventually arrives, as "the heart of the matter," is our attitude to Communism itself. "With Russia certainly, and with a Communist Russia probably, we must learn to live and to cooperate for an indefinite future."

So the question comes to this: will it be possible for us, as Christians, to reach any sort of a *modus vivendi* with an enthusiastically Communist world Power? Let me repeat, this is his question, not

mine; though I am indebted to him for bringing it up. Now that it has been so categorically raised, I believe we must consider the answer.

It is not a question of reaching any compromise between Christian teaching and Communism. On that point, the Church has already spoken, and answered, no. (*Divini Redemptoris*, No. 58.) But, we are asking ourselves, is the presence and activity of a Communist-influenced world Power necessarily tantamount to a death sentence for Christians in every country where that Power extends its political and cultural influence?

Professor Perry believes such a *modus vivendi* can be reached, and gives his reasons. I, too, believe there can be such a *modus vivendi*; but not for the reasons alleged by Professor Perry, rather for reasons that are precisely opposite to his.

I believe it will be enormously difficult yet not wholly impossible to maintain Christianity and Catholicism in a Communist-imperiled and a Communist-influenced world. I am not speaking of a world that would be completely surrendered to the physical domination of the existing Soviet regime; but of a world that still enjoys some freedom in the religious education of youth.

My confidence is based upon the fact that Christianity is not only essentially incompatible with Communism, just as it is essentially incompatible with Nazism, but is infinitely *stronger* than Communism precisely in *those matters* upon which Communism relies for its *maximum* justification, its maximum appeal to the masses of the world. Christianity is stronger than Communism in that field (of human rights and human unity) where Communism operates to encompass Christianity's destruction. Communism's chief weapons against Christianity are a part of Christianity's many weapons against both Nazism and Communism. But as the philosophers would say, they are only analogically the same weapons. They possess a power, a vitality, in Christian hands of which Communism has no conception: the pungency of the mustard seed, the vitality of the leaven. We are supposing, of course, that Christians sow the mustard seed, spread the leaven.

I see no fairness to our Russian friends in presenting, as unfortunately Professor Perry does, a picture of Communism and Communism's attitude toward the Church which simply does not correspond to the reality. It is important to note this point, because just such a picture is being con-

stantly presented by Soviet apologists. In doing so, they merely lay the fuse for future discord.

"The heart of Communism," says Professor Perry, "is in its collectivist economy," etc. If Communism were merely an economic theory, this would be true. It would be simply orthodox Socialism. But Communism is not just an economic theory—which you can conveniently oppose to the "capitalistic theory" of private ownership, the profit motive and competition. Communism is a dynamic and revolutionary movement, which includes in its essential aim the conversion of the whole world to total materialism. It is essentially committed to the destruction of all religious belief.

"For the moral teachings of Jesus," says Professor Perry, "there is room within a Communistic as well as within a capitalistic society." But (1) Christianity is not just the collection of Christ's moral teachings; it is the following of Christ Himself, *in toto*, the God-Man Incarnate. (2) Furthermore, even the purely moral teachings of Jesus are religiously motivated and sanctioned by His revelation of God—His Heavenly Father; Himself, as the Word and Son of God; the Divine Spirit. But religion, according to Lenin and his followers (not excepting Maurice Thorez): "is the opium of the people. Religion is a brutal kind of spiritual whisky, in which the slaves of capital drown their humanity."

"Anti-clericalism," observes Dr. Perry, "is not directed against 'the Christian spirit,' but against what are thought to be the mistaken social policies of the Church." The fashionable thing now is to explain that the Communists are merely anti-clerical. But if "clericalism" is the sole issue, prebendaries and glebe lands, why then do non-clerical religionists in Soviet Russia, such as the various Evangelical sects, meet with such fanatical intolerance? Why was Lenin's special wrath reserved for the religious laymen, or even the non-religious who were not totally materialistic?

In this connection, I should like to refer to my own article in *AMERICA* for September 22, 1934 (p. 593): "That this fear [of interior religion], and not a mere revolt against the 'fat' days of Tsarism, is the mind of Bolshevism, is shown by a witness as unimpeachable (from the Soviet point of view) as the Jew, Maurice Hindus. 'So there came about,' he writes in his *The Great Offensive*, 'this remarkable phenomenon: while all the other religions in Russia were losing ground with the new generation, the Protestants were not only holding their own but gaining converts.' And he adds, destroying the whole propaganda illusion at one blow:

Nothing, indeed, so eloquently gives the lie to the plea, often put forward by sentimental liberals, that Russian atheism is merely a reaction from the degraded condition of the old Church, as this new attitude toward the Protestants which has changed from one of benevolent tolerance to unmitigated enmity. In cartoons and pamphlets the Protestant now figures alongside the other active enemies of the Revolution, the 'damager,' the priest, the *koolack*, the bootlegger, and the rest."

If, as Professor Perry foresees and some others opine, we may later have to live in a world buzzing

with Communist propaganda and Communist theory, why waste time any further with such and other manifest unrealities? Let us frankly acknowledge these basic oppositions of doctrine or world philosophy. Then let us apply ourselves, not to fancied reconciliations of irreconcilable ideas, but to the maintenance of that position of which we alone possess the secret for vitality and efficacy.

This position may be stated as a twofold recognition: of the spiritual dignity of the human person, conceived in all his fulness and relation to the family, to the common good of society and of the world; of the unity of all races and peoples in the one human race: by nature, as God's children, by Redemption, in the Mystical Body of Christ.

By "maintenance" of such a position, I do not mean a mere notional assent. I mean its immediate and active application to the problems of ordinary social justice. Such are the problems of the workman, of the small property-owner or business man or small farmer, the colonial populations, etc.

If anyone will take the time and trouble to study the present Communist party line, he will soon see that there is nothing under heaven that same party line is more afraid of than a *popular* movement toward *bona fide*, that is to say, spiritually and religiously motivated, economic and racial justice. They are very little concerned about the anti-Communist activities of a type of wealthy monopolist whose fear of Communism is based not upon basic religious principles but upon its supposed threat to his own particular version of private enterprise. They have more in common with such persons than appears upon the surface. But they are intensely alarmed at manifestations, such as took place recently in Madison Square Garden, when some 20,000 Negroes met in order to proclaim their patriotism and seek recognition of their human rights on a religious and moral basis.

You can readily measure the extent of that alarm by the extent to which the Communist party's official *Daily Worker* gloated over the appearance of a high Government official at a Communist-dominated rival affair, a few days later.

A *modus vivendi* with a Communist-agitated world must fulfil two requirements: it must offer the maximum resistance to Communism and to Nazism as well; it must offer the maximum grounds for hope and confidence to the masses led astray by Communism.

The position which I have indicated will give us a real basis of cooperation with the 200,000,000 people, of various races, languages and cultures, who make up the Soviet world. If we tenaciously hold to our Catholic position, this basis will eventually emerge from the fumes and confusion of the Communist whirlpool. Our principles on social justice are not just "moral teachings." They are dogmas. But the millions and the masses want *dogmas*; dogmas that will reach them in their immersion, their perplexity, in the chaos of the post-war world. The lifeline of friendship that we, as Catholics and as Americans, can throw across the abyss to the peoples of Soviet Russia is woven from the unchanging teachings of the Son of God.

WILL REAL EDUCATION BE A WAR CASUALTY?

ELBRIDGE COLBY

IMPACT of the war upon the colleges of the country has had striking and illuminating effects, effects which, moreover, draw clear lines between two types of educational philosophy which have been in practical application in this nation for several decades. It is not unlikely, indeed, that the war crisis may throw enough weight into the balance to decide the bitter issue which has divided educators for some years. The pity would be that such a decision would be made on the basis of current expediencies instead of upon fundamental factors.

The need of manpower, reaching down to the youths of twenty years, has made colleges wonder if they can keep their students any time at all into the twenties, or if they must lose them earlier either to the war army or to war industry. The result has been a tendency to compress the academic course into a short over-all length, and we constantly hear of institutions arranging semesters and summer sessions so that young men may graduate in two years and two-thirds or, at the most, three years.

On the West Coast, colleges consulted together and agreed upon a statement of principles which included a "streamlining" of the curriculum so as to eliminate useless subjects, and to substitute certain subjects which will make their students more directly useful for a nation at war and for the reconstruction of the nation after the war. The extreme of this attitude is perhaps best expressed in the fact that girl students at a large mid-Western university are actually standing at machine lathes and learning skills connected with rifle barrels and cartridges.

This leads into a sharp issue that has been argued in educational circles for some time. Ever since the Morrill Act for the establishment of colleges to teach "agriculture and the mechanic arts" in an age when most colleges were either purely cultural or educational for clergy, doctors and lawyers, there has been a growing tendency to make education practical rather than cultural. Under the influence of certain educational philosophers with national reputations, the high schools have followed the same theory. They have been training people for business or for trades—they call it "for life"—and have progressively neglected the purely educational and cultural bases of all truly trained mentalities.

They have done this on the plea that only a small proportion of their graduates goes to college. They have most of them been tending to do this, and have forgotten that there are and have been separate "commercial" high schools and separate "technical" high schools. The tendency has reached

into the colleges, so that today there are many colleges with so many special courses of what might well be termed a vocational nature that they are tending to become "trade schools" and are more in the nature of training institutions than of educational institutions. The pre-engineering, pre-medical, pre-science courses have entered even the so-called liberal arts colleges to such a degree that cultural education, as such, has been forced to yield more and more time and emphasis.

The president of a college has looked at this situation as influenced by the war, and has gone so far as to say recently that "the liberal-arts college will not return to its original program of cultural studies and historical disciplines after the war." He even remarks that the former practice of abandoning an unsuccessful experiment and starting over again will be changed. He claims that the pressure of events will cause the experiment to be adjusted, compromised and still carried on to some end, even though not the end and result that were at first desired.

Those educators who claim that the future college course can be partly cultural and partly practical are indulging in an undesirable compromise. To attract students they will advertise the practical, with promises of prospects of future employment. They will emphasize the practical. They will, inevitably, neglect the cultural. And the transformation will be complete.

All educators, however, do not think this way, nor are they planning this way. They deplore the attitude of the Government to lower educational requirements to two years instead of four of collegiate education for responsible appointments. As the President of Middlebury College has said recently:

In this tendency to hustle students through to their degrees on an assembly line, and thence into the armed forces or into war-production factories, lies a danger which may set the cause of education back two generations. Education in its truest sense does not consist of so many credits which may be exchanged for a degree.

As has been pointed out, the War and Navy Departments have been, of very recent weeks, taking a longer and longer view of this matter. They are beginning to appreciate the value of education as such, as distinguished from mere training. They are acting to try to preserve the full education of the youth of the country, in spite of lower draft age limits. The Army has refused to shorten the normal term of attendance for West Point graduation, however great is its need for military officers in the junior grades. The "acceleration" of the Naval Academy course has amounted to but little more than the elimination of long summer vacations and cruises.

Both services have entered the colleges and offered to permit college students to enlist as "reservists" and to remain at their studies until their normal completion before being called to active duty—and have done this from a full appreciation of the real value of a basic college education. The function of the colleges is not to prepare men to fight, on the field or in a war-factory; it is to pre-

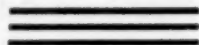
pare men for leadership. And leadership in any democratic community depends upon the richness and fulness of backgrounds, things which can be achieved only by full training of the educational type, and not at all by merely practical vocational training.

Amid the frantic pleas for "acceleration" and "streamlining"—which have now become only catch phrases without essential meaning—it is good to see some institutions resting still upon the deep fundamentals of intellectual civilization. For many, many decades now, the Catholic colleges have clung to the ancient disciplines and the old traditions of thorough groundwork in fundamental subjects. On the average, they have not surrendered to the modern vocational and mere training theories of education in the same degree as have other colleges.

They, more than most, are by their religious basis well able to appreciate that there is more to life than the technique of modern living; and that there are eternal verities and valuable ethical philosophies, without which an educated man is ignorant of the true measure of the world in which he lives and works, even if it be a world at war.

WANTED: MORE LETTERS TO MORE EDITORS

FLOYD ANDERSON



SOME six months ago, Vincent W. Hartnett in *Wanted: More Saint Justins in the Church's Serious Crisis* (AMERICA, January 24, 1942), outlined the two-fold task facing the Christian apologist today. We must, he said, "fight against the attacks of anti-religious individuals and groups upon Christianity as such, and at the same time we must vanquish the intrusion of naturalism and irreligion into social theory and into actual government."

He made an especial plea to the Christian journalist, to the Christian writer, to do their part in leaving the whole mass of society, to labor "to secure the adoption of principles which are Christian, either in their essence or in their congruity with Christian teaching."

One of the most effective ways of fostering the growth of Catholic thought on our problems today is through the "We the People" column—the letters to the editor page in the daily and weekly papers of the country. And it seems to have been one of the media least touched—at least in the smaller cities and towns—by the lay writer. There are often zealous priests who leap into combat to answer some implied slur against the Church, or to correct some misstatement of Catholic thought or doctrine.

But this is a field that seems made to order for

the layman. It is a peculiar fact nowadays that the most qualified commentator, the one most expert on any subject, is likely for that very reason to be considered prejudiced. Thus, if a strong union man or union organizer says racketeering is not predominant in the labor movement, or if a politician says that most politicians are not dishonest, the outsider is likely to scoff and say: "He wouldn't admit it anyway." And so, for that very reason, non-Catholics may discount comments by a priest, saying: "He wouldn't admit it anyway."

This does not mean, of course, that the field of letters to the secular paper should exclude the parish priest. But he should be saved for the more important battles, rather than thrown into the front line of every skirmish. He should be the general directing the battle, not among the shock troops. That is work better suited to the peculiar opportunities of the laity.

There are two ways in which letters to the editor can leaven the great mass. One is by active propagation of Catholic belief; the second, by correction of misstatements about Catholic teaching. The first can be put into effect anywhere; the second is a counterattack, because you must wait for the misinformation to be broadcast, the misstatement to be made, the false insinuation to be uttered, before you can correct it.

An example will best illustrate the first—active propagation of Catholic belief. Suppose your local newspaper has an editorial on what the post-war world will be. There is an opportunity to send in a letter, commenting on the editorial, and then setting out briefly the Catholic idea as to what is necessary to have a post-war world that will live at peace. This particular phase of Catholic propaganda is especially important now, since every articulate group is busy proposing its own notions of how the world should be run after the war. Catholics know that any ideology which is not grounded on true Christian principles is poisonous and fore-doomed. It is our duty to speak out boldly and spread the light of Christ's teachings.

Or there may be an editorial, or a letter, about labor unions, wages for working-men, or some other matter tied in with social problems. As an additional comment, one could write a letter to the paper stating the position of the Catholic Church on the point in question, as set out in the Social Encyclicals or in the statements of the American Bishops on the social problem. The appalling ignorance concerning the Encyclicals, inside and outside the Church, gives an endless source of priceless material to the lay writer. Nowhere else is there such an armory of offensive and defensive weapons against the forces of evil and indifference. To increase the knowledge of these masterful treatises on modern problems is a sound and fruitful apostolate for the layman.

It is not necessary, of course, that such letters be tied in to previous comment in the newspaper; if the subject is timely, the letter will still be used. Even where a diocese has a Catholic newspaper, this is an additional way to drive the facts home to our fellow-Catholics. But the big opportunity is

that of letting non-Catholics know what the Church teaches in such vital matters. There is an amazing desire on the part of non-Catholics to hear the Catholic view.

When your secular paper prints, intentionally or unintentionally, something offensive to Catholics, there are two avenues of action. One is, in effect, an avenue of inaction, for it means ignoring the offensive comment. There are cases when it may be advisable to do so, when the correction would be more harmful than the original comment, as in the instance of some minor matter which merely offends our sensibilities.

But suppose it is an important matter, or one that for various reasons must be answered. How does one go about it?

At this point one should consult the chart of letter writing, the A B C's of letters to the editor.

The A is for accuracy, in the words of the alphabetical books for children. You must be right in whatever you say. You must be right without question. You must be sure the other fellow is wrong, and doubly sure you are right. That is why it is important to work with your pastor or some other priest in preparing and writing such letters. It is easy to get exact knowledge on doctrinal matters from authoritative sources.

An error in a letter presenting the Catholic position would be very harmful. Some people would think you were trying to slip something over. Your opponent would not overlook this marvelous chance to get back at you. And your position would be tremendously weakened, not only for that particular letter, but for all future letters you might write.

The B is for brevity. They say it is the soul of wit; it is at least the sparkle in letter writing. Editors stress that point at the heading of their letter columns. The briefer your letter—consistent with fair presentation of the facts—the more chance it has of being published without cutting. The cutting can ruin your most carefully prepared argument.

There are occasions, of course, when a long letter is necessary, when only a long letter can make the necessary correction. But where justice to the subject can be achieved by a short letter, it is better to be brief. Of course, it is harder to write a short letter. But the brief letter usually hits the bull's-eye, while the long one sometimes completely misses the target.

The C is for courtesy. Be courteous in your letter. Assume that the party being corrected is honest and sincere in his statements unless you are positive he is not, and even then be courteous and heap coals of fire on his head. A friendly approach will achieve better results than a bitter, sarcastic one. Many will read your reply who may not have read the first letter, and an antagonistic attitude may arouse the same sentiment in them. Cardinal Newman might well be the model for this kind of writing. With perfect urbanity and serene charity he demolished Kingsley completely. Truth does not need the support of satire; and a lampoon, despite the sound of the word, does not shed light on the road to truth.

There is nothing achieved by bitterness except some small personal satisfaction for showing someone his place, for telling him off. And the results may be contrary to those desired. The proverbial vinegar still fails to catch flies. With Saint Frances de Sales, let us have a spoonful of honey at hand.

To sum up: be accurate, be brief, be courteous. And add to that persistence. Answer each anti-Catholic statement, each misrepresentation of Catholic belief or doctrine. By doing it well, you will have to do it less often.

The hardest part in answering these letters, in preparing the careful reply that is needed, is in securing the essential facts. Most of us laymen read our Catholic paper or magazine and discard it when through, either to the pastor for his missions, or otherwise. Two weeks later a letter appears in the "We the People" column and we say, "You know, there was a perfect answer to that in the paper a couple of weeks ago. Now what did I do with that?" Which ends the search and indicates the feebleness and futility of the speaker's interest.

Not so with the opposition. Remember the "Free Browder" campaign (it worked, too). Letters in the papers, in the big city newspapers, in the small-town newspapers, in most of the papers. Well organized, that campaign was. The letter writers knew the points to stress, the ones to avoid, and the appeal that should be made. The results indicate how well they knew it.

Why can't we do the same? These campaigns usually start in the larger cities, in the New York newspapers and magazines, in such a way that those in the East who follow such matters know the trend, know what is coming.

The National Council of Catholic Men has a Committee for 1942—a layman in each diocese. Or an organization could be arranged along other lines, perhaps through the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine, which I believe has two lay representatives in each diocese, a man and a woman.

Could not some organization, following, as a matter of course, such developments, prepare a brief summary statement of the facts involved and indicate the best method of reply? Such a statement could be sent to the members of the organization selected—such as the Committee for 1942, or the Confraternity diocesan representatives. They, in turn, would handle the actual writing of the letters where necessary.

This need not be limited to counterattack. It could as well be more constructive: the program could involve the active dissemination of Catholic thought on current problems. The sponsoring organization could occasionally send out summary material, of timely interest, which the diocesan representatives could work into letters to their local newspapers, putting before the public the Catholic teaching on the matters that concern them at the moment.

As Vincent W. Hartnett wrote: "Individual effort is no longer enough, for the enemies of truth are wonderfully organized. The work of Catholic Action must be an organized work."

STABILIZING THE WAGES

IS some plan or agency possible for the purpose of stabilizing wages, which would work outside of the actual process of adjusting labor disputes? The need of such is clearly indicated by the decision of the War Labor Board and the reasoning employed by its members in the Little Steel case. It is the problem facing the President as he confers at date of writing with industrial and labor leaders and contemplates a message to Congress.

That such stabilization must take place, in accordance with the President's seven-point program, none can any longer seriously question; none can seriously doubt that inflation is no "myth." As OPA Administrator, Leon Henderson, said in his radio address of June 5: "Unless wage rates are stabilized—that is to say, unless wage adjustments are limited to remedying substandard and inequitable conditions—the cost of living cannot be held."

It is likewise clear, this being war time, that the stabilizing process cannot be conducted according to the full principles of social justice. It must be a harsh, pragmatic measure, even confiscatory.

At the same time, a purely mechanical, rigid freezing of wages would be dangerous and, in the long run, impractical. Neglect of the "substandard and inequitable conditions" that are spoken of by Mr. Henderson would lead easily to disorders in the matter of labor turnover, migration and pirating. The consequence of such confusion might well be the parallel policy of freezing men to their jobs, with unpleasant repercussions for the employer himself.

Can a general plan be adopted which would impose restrictions on employers, farm producers and workingmen alike, each in their own sphere, yet would not deprive labor of the *principle* of collective bargaining? As a way out of this impasse, various savings plans have been proposed. William Green, president of the American Federation of Labor, suggests that all future wage increases be paid in bonds cashable after the war, and that the coverage of social-security payments be wider. In that manner labor would not be needlessly deprived of its proportionate share of the nation's income, yet would not be contributing to the cause of inflation by spending money recklessly on a shrinking "consumer's pie."

In concurring with the public members of the Board on the wage increase, the employer group said that "there should be some central body set up to stabilize all wages, not only in the event of all disputes, but also where no disputes exist." Along not unlike lines, Mr. Green proposes the creation of a wages-policy commission consisting of an equal number of representatives of labor, management and Government, "to coordinate and unify wage policies."

If such a commission will frankly recognize the need of strong Government action and form part of a unified and declared official policy, it might greatly aid in securing an equitable and practicable type of wage stabilization.

EDITOR

CHRIST IN THE FACTORY

IF this war is not to be an unmixed evil, religious-minded people everywhere must intensify their devotion to God and their observance of His law. Temptations so abound at a time like this that, unless we put forth special efforts, our falls will be multiplied and our state at the end of the conflict will be worse than before.

We are happy, therefore, to report that last Sunday, for the first time, two Masses were said in the Colt Patent Firearms plant at Hartford, Conn., one at 6:30 and the other at 7:05 A.M. This arrangement enabled Catholic employees, leaving their jobs or arriving for the seven o'clock shift, to fulfil their duty to God.

Some months ago, in the belief that, because of conditions prevailing in many war-industry areas, war-workers needed spiritual assistance almost as much as those serving in the armed forces, this Review advocated the appointment of factory Chaplains, or some other arrangement whereby men and women compelled to work on Sunday could get to Mass. The idea met a favorable reception and in a number of cases was put into practice. Since that time, the Holy See has relaxed the stringent law of Eucharistic fast, so that now many a war-worker can receive Holy Communion also.

We can think of only one more thing to make this picture perfect, namely, a *brief* talk every Sunday on some point in the social Encyclicals of Leo and Pius. What more fitting circumstance could be imagined for inculcating the Papal program of social reconstruction than this? Catholic workers and employers hearing Mass side by side, as is the democratic custom among us, receiving together the Body and Blood of Christ, listening inside the factory walls to Catholic social teaching—this is a dream that stirs the imagination.

The bitter truth is that the Papal Encyclicals are not nearly as well known as they ought to be, and as the Holy See wants them to be. Through ignorance, most Catholic workers are incapable of being apostles to their fellow workers, and Catholic employers are no better fitted to influence management. Yet this is the role appointed for them by Pius XI.

If, in spite of obvious difficulties, such a talk could be given, we should be making in the midst of war a real contribution toward peace.

THE LAW OF LOVE

THERE was once a military genius who thought that generals could make war like gentlemen. His name was Robert E. Lee. To the end of his days, he held to his theory, in spite of doubts that oft assailed. Now and then he feared that he had not taken into sufficient account the weakness of human nature, and the embittered passions of combatants.

Taking the cue from Lee, let us face the fact that unless we wage this war like Christians, we shall not add to the sum of human happiness after hostilities have ceased. The simple truth is that Christ's law of love of our neighbor was promulgated for all time. The Divine Legislator did not say that this law held in our homes, but not outside of them. He did not say that it bound the individual, but not the state. He did not say that it applied to our friends, but not to our enemies. By specific injunction, He bade us love our enemies, and do good to those that hate us and persecute us. "If you love those who love you, what merit shall you have? For even sinners love those who love them."

Therefore no one is excluded from the circle, not the Germans, nor the Japanese, nor the Italians, nor even Hitler. The fact that some leaders, and the Governments which they represent, have worked iniquity, does not justify a campaign of hate against them, and still less against the soldiers whom they have forced into their armies. Nor does it justify the promulgation by any government of a policy intended to inflame our soldiers with hatred of the men against whom they fight. For, as Benedict XV wrote during the first World War, there is not one law of love for individuals, and another for governments.

Within the last few weeks, certain publicists, some of them Americans, but most of them foreigners, have stated that the American and British forces owe most of their failures to the fact that the men have not been taught to hate the enemy. Those statements spring from the very spirit of bitterness, intolerance and hatred, to overcome which, we have been told, is the chief end of the war in which we are now engaged. War in its least terrible aspects is frightful. Let us not sully our cause by making it more frightful.

BATTLING FOR FREEDOM

THE name of the old-fashioned American who said that men who failed to guard with jealousy their natural and civil rights would soon lose them, escapes us. The sentiment sounds like Jefferson, but whatever its source, we can find in it a salutary warning. For this world is not made up of men who deem the preservation of their neighbor's rights their first concern, or of governments noted for their reluctance to assume unlimited power. On the contrary, the world at the moment is much like a bear-pit, and a writer in that excellent English publication *The Sword of the Spirit* was well advised in cautioning his beleaguered countrymen against acceptance of the political philosophy which teaches that unless the citizen's last liberty is suppressed for the duration of hostilities, the citizen's liberty must perish for all time.

That is an ancient philosophy, known alike to tyrants and to suffering peoples. No prospective despot ever asked the people to entrust their freedom to him for suppression. He invariably assures them that he wishes to return this freedom, enlarged and guaranteed. But as the ancient Roman adage has it, *populus vult decipi*, the people delight in being fooled, and never learn in time the truth of Jefferson's conviction that governments rarely relinquish a power once assumed, but always seek to retain and expand it. It is therefore most reassuring to know that in the very countries in which totalitarianism now seems most firmly established, Nazi Germany and Nazi-controlled Holland, a most determined fight for freedom is being carried on by the Catholic Bishops.

These Prelates do not call upon the people to take up arms against the enemy. They bid them find their strongest reliance in the sword of the spirit. They cannot enlist recruits for an earthly warfare, but they can strive by their exhortations to keep alive in the hearts of their countrymen a sense of the injury done the rights of God, of the Church and of the people, by conscienceless invaders, and this they are doing bravely. Thus in a Joint Pastoral Letter, dated April 19, but received in this country only recently, the Bishops in Holland protest against the attacks by the invaders upon "the three foundations of the life of our people; justice, charity and liberty of conscience," and strongly condemn the so-called "National-Socialist labor service" which the Nazi ministers have established. "The outlook of National-Socialism," they declare, "is directly at variance with Christianity, and is a very serious threat to our Christian faith and our Christian morals." Parents are warned that they must not permit their children to come under this demoralizing influence. As for young men, the Bishops lay down the principle that even when severe penalties are threatened, no one may join the labor service before "consulting an experienced spiritual guide."

It is quite possible that a majority of the young men will be obliged to yield to force. But all is not lost, until the spirit of the people is debased, and

they serve their conquerors in silent subjection, not recognizing that they are slaves. Into this debased state, the Catholics of Holland will not fall, as long as they heed the teachings of their Bishops, speaking to them the truth without fear.

Even more outspoken in their condemnation of tyranny than the Bishops in Holland are their Episcopal brethren in down-trodden Nazi Germany. In the issue for June 20, the *English Catholic Newsletter* publishes the complete text of the Joint Pastoral of the German Bishops which was read throughout Germany on Passion Sunday, March 22. "For many years now, a battle has been raging in Germany against Christianity and the Church to an extent never before experienced," is the opening sentence of the Pastoral. "German Bishops have repeatedly requested the Government to bring this wicked battle to an end, but unfortunately our requests and efforts have been in vain." In eloquent—and very plain—words the Bishops show that the Government has disregarded the Concordat of July 20, 1933, and that the rights of German Catholics have been shamelessly violated. "It is just as if the Cross of Christ, which is said to have made its glorious appearance in the year 312 out of the Catacombs, had been thrust back into the Catacombs," write the Bishops.

Should the servitude now the lot of the German and Dutch peoples ever become our lot, we Americans would find in our Hierarchy the outspoken courage which has distinguished the Bishops in Holland and Germany. Yet it may not be out of place for us Americans to ask ourselves what value we attach to the liberties which we now enjoy, liberties which are assuredly threatened by the spirit of totalitarianism.

To take but one instance, the Bishops in Germany and Holland urge their people to remember that it is their right to direct and control the education of their children. A score of years ago, laws were enacted in half a dozen American States which denied this right, and held that to direct and control the education of every child was the right of the civil authority. That oppressive legislation was swept away when by unanimous vote, the Supreme Court of the United States, in a decision later cited by Pius XI in his Encyclical *On the Catholic Education of Youth*, held that the right of parents over the education of their children was one of those natural rights protected by the Federal Constitution.

Unfortunately, it cannot be said that every Catholic parent guards this right jealously. The best way to protect a right is to use it properly, and far too many Catholic fathers and mothers, failing to recognize their duty to their children, do not use it. The spirit which inspired attacks on Catholic schools in Oregon and other States still lives, biding its time for new onslaughts. Luke-warm, negligent, worldly-minded Catholics, minimizers or deniers of the supreme value of Catholic education, strengthen the hands of these enemies of the Church and of the true American spirit. If what has happened in Germany should come to pass here, they shall not be held guiltless.

PENITENT PUBLICANS

EVERY age has its publicans and its Pharisees. The Pharisees were members of a religious society founded to impress upon the people strict observance of the Law, and reverence for the traditions of the rabbis. As long as they remained faithful to their high purpose, they did much to preserve the people from the taint of false religions, but at the time of Our Lord, they had become somewhat worldly, and many of them were men who attached great importance to rites and ceremonies, and little, if any, to the great law of the love of God, and of our neighbor. In interpreting the Law, they were very hard on the people, and very easy on themselves, and for their harshness and hypocrisy they were frequently denounced by Our Lord in strong language.

There was another group in Our Lord's time, not religious, but, in a sense, political. Its members were called publicans, and they acted as the local agents of men who had bought from the Roman authorities the privilege of collecting the taxes. They were hated by the people both because their cooperation with the Gentiles was considered disloyalty to their religion, and because they were often guilty of extortion. But we must guard against the error of thinking that all publicans were reprobates and all Pharisees hypocrites. Gamaliel, a zealous Pharisee, was no hypocrite, nor was Saul, later the Vessel of Election, while from the publicans came such men as Zaccheus, and Matthew, the Evangelist.

In the Gospel for tomorrow (Saint Luke, xviii, 9-14) we have a specimen from each group. We shall not be far wrong if we take one as a religious hypocrite, and the other as a grafter, meaning by the term one who uses his public office for cruel and dishonest purposes. But while this Pharisee, of whom Our Lord tells, is quite typical, the publican certainly was not. The Pharisee remained true to type, standing up in the Temple to tell Almighty God how good he was, and to express his gratitude that he was not like that guilty publican down near the door. But the publican was a sinner, and he knew and acknowledged that unhappy fact. He did not, however, stop at that point. He beat his breast, and begged Almighty God to be merciful to him. "I tell you," comments Our Lord, "this man went back to his home justified, rather than the other."

After reading this Parable, it will be profitable for us to foreswear for the moment the pleasant occupation of rating our neighbors, and use the time in rating ourselves. Our inclination is to rank ourselves with the publican, for whatever our folly in listing our virtues for our private contemplation, we rarely bring that catalog to God. But we are Pharisees, not publicans, if we content ourselves with beating our breasts. No man is justified with the publican unless he is truly sorry for his sins, and means what he says when he asks God's mercy. We know that we have sinned, and the time will never come when we can say that we have repented sufficiently. The life-long vocation of the Christian who has fallen, is to be a penitent publican.

LITERATURE AND ARTS



BERNADETTE AND COINCIDENCE

CHARLES A. BRADY



And these were the great coherences which Marie Thérèse Vauzous had seen in swiftest illumination when she had sunk to earth at sight of the terrifying sign revealed by Bernadette. The Song of Bernadette.

THERE IS a certain famous quotation to the effect that since night's candles get snuffed out, there must needs be husbandry in heaven. It was in an entirely different context that Cardinal Newman wrote of celestial economy as a sort of counterweight to the mundane economy of Ricardo and Mill in Bernadette's own century. But though we are here concerned with Newman's theological rather than Shakespeare's literary husbandry, Bernadette would not have been. Her peasant Pyrenean nature would have relished the true French thriftiness of those chatelaine stars; and the quaint housewife imagery would have been well attuned to the childlike mind of the little village maid who saw the Queen of Heaven with the eyes of the flesh as little girls of any era might see with the eyes of the spirit lesser queens in fairy-books; and who on her death-bed could tell Dean Peyramale: "Oh, no, Monsieur le Curé, it's not at all sure that the lady would let me be her maid." She who had been maid-in-waiting for so long. . . .

The Newman subtlety would have been above her, as so many things that concerned other people in her regard were always above her. When the Mother Superior of the convent of Saint Gildarde asked her what she could do, she replied disarmingly: "*Oh, pas grand' chose*, nothing that amounts to much, *Madame la Supérieure*." It was true enough she couldn't do much; nor did she know much, she who had always stood at the bottom of her class in catechism. But above her or not, this strange celestial economy of the Bishops and ecclesiastical commissions who had deviled her so much in life surrounded her and explained her for others.

She could laugh at balls bouncing in the recreation plot of the Sisters of Nevers without understanding the law of gravity. She saw the beautiful Lady, and that was sufficient, even if Mère Marie had to worry herself with coherences and concordances. Coincidence is a triter thing than coherence, and with coincidence Herr Werfel has had nothing to do in his recent fine novel, *The Song of*

Bernadette. But if he has nothing to say to this minor mode of Providence, it has something to say to him, and in no uncomplimentary fashion, either.

It is possible that literary historians will one day come to look upon the second quarter of the twentieth century as the period which saw hagiography come into its own through the miracle-play naïveté of Ghéon, the humanistic biography of Chesterton and, especially, Chambers, and the more pedestrian, but scrupulous and dignified work of Martindale and Jörgensen.

It was left for two others to subject the personalities of certain Saints to those liberating media of the creative imagination: the drama and the novel. Neither of these two is a Catholic, though the distinguished Jewish novelist, Franz Werfel, is on the side of orthodoxy. His fellow hagiographer, the Irish dramatist, G. B. Shaw, born a son of Calvin, has kept none of the convictions of his birth-right, even if, to quote G.K.C. on Browning, "he carried its prejudices into eternity."

It would take several paragraphs bristling with the disciplined hollow squares of Macaulayan antithesis to do justice to the coincidences involved in *Saint Joan* and *The Song of Bernadette*. Both the Maid of Lourdes and the Maid of Domrémy were French, Joan of the Northern plains, Bernadette of the Southwestern mountains. Both were shepherdesses, Joan by vocation, Bernadette by childish preference in the days she spent on Aunt Bernarde's farm at Tarbes. Their birthdays almost coincide on the Feast of the Epiphany. Much the same incredulity greeted their first visions, even to the point of familial castigation. The Sire Robert de Baudricourt advised Joan's shepherd sire to take his daughter home and thrash the green-sickness out of her. Bernadette's harassed mother went even further on the evening of the coming of the beautiful lady to the then infamous grotto of Massabielle; working upon the time-honored principle of the Woman in the Shoe, and for much the same reason, she whipped her children all soundly.

Both had the gift of convincing their worldly adversaries, whether lay or ecclesiastical, whether the silken moths of the Dauphin's court or the anti-clerical wits of the *Café Progrès*. Both lived through a period of military peril to their coun-

tries from within as well as from without. In Joan's case, the civil faction of Armagnac and Orleanist played into the horny hands of Bedford and his English soldiery; in Bernadette's, the Prussian danger was succeeded by the horrid internecine strife between Communiard and Conservative. Joan stood for religious purity against the abominable scandal of the Avignon captivity; Bernadette still stands as a symbol of the issue of this present mortal conflict on the part of what is left of Christendom against the forces which have poured, in Werfel's phrase, from the "opening of the abysses of the demoniacal" that yawned under the ivory feet and golden rosettes of the Lady of the Grotto.

Both underwent martyrdom: Joan the literal martyrdom of fire and fagot in an age of faith; Bernadette the subtler *peine dure et forte* of skeptical *gendarmierie* and shoulder-shrugging psychiatrists in an age of disbelief. Both received the *amende honorable* of canonization within the same century at the hands of successive Popes.

Nor do the correspondences confine themselves merely to the lower plane of events. There is a strangely intimate approximation of temper. There are differences, of course, between the Gascon fire of a Cyrano and the Northern doughtiness of a Roland; but there is a likeness, too. So it is with Joan and Bernadette. They are alike in temperament as well as different, and where they are alike is in a certain sturdy peasant equivalent of aristocratic imperiousness, that may be best described as downrightness or forthrightness. Each gives her opponents their respective comeuppances with a pugilistic neatness that is yet most pertly feminine. Both flamed into vivid womanly action that left nothing more to be said, as when Joan drove the bedizened camp-followers from her army with the flat of her sword, and Bernadette boxed the ears of little Jean Marie.

There is another point of resemblance; it is a question of psychic temperature. No one would deny that shepherdesses who receive visits from archangels and *Notre Dame* are mystics. But at the same time there is a peculiarly Gallic timbre to their mysticism, a sweet reasonableness, a wide-eyed, little-girl, portrait-by-Renoir candor that is very different from the Apocalyptic El Greco splendor of the Spanish *Doña*, Teresa of Avila. It is the bread-and-butter mysticism of a folk-tale, of an illuminated medieval Book of Hours, of Alice falling down the rabbit-hole and spelling out the jam-pot labels on her way. Nor need one fear any imputation of irreverence in this comparison. Did not Saint James extol the spiritual merit of life within the Looking Glass, when he warned us not to emulate the man who looks at his natural face in a mirror, and goes away and presently forgets what kind of man he is?

Saint Joan and *The Song of Bernadette* both have epilogues; and both epilogues have to do with the Church's formal and ritual acknowledgment of sainthood. To Werfel, canonization is the final earthly accolade of the Court of Heaven. To Shaw it is a somewhat slippery dodge which empowers the Church to exploit the martyr it has made. One

might argue that Werfel's epilog is an organic thing, even an architectural thing, crowning that basilica of the supernatural which is his novel with the Cross of Saint Peter's. One might argue with equal cogency that Shaw's epilog mars an otherwise impressive play; but whatever it does to the play, it clinches the argument of his controversial preface, thereto, and establishes his Puritan contention that the citadel of the Maid's sovereign and Protestant personality has remained impregnable before the battering assaults of an inimical society that is summed up in the anarchist's twin poles of Church and State.

It is an amazing tribute, incidentally, to the polemical force of this ancient and agile gamin of the barricades that the secular reviewers of Werfel's novel seem to have adopted Shaw's point of view toward Joan and attributed it to Werfel in respect to Bernadette. True enough, Werfel takes into account and views in proper perspective the dangerous half-truth of decay and rigidity in the temporal organization of religious affairs, but to him canonization is a culmination, not, as it is to Shaw, a subterfuge, or clumsy clambering onto the band-wagon of history.

There is the same discrepancy in their attitudes towards the vexed questions of conversion and the supernatural. Shaw makes a single grudging gesture in the direction of the supernal powers, but even here his Voltairean *rixtus* grins spasmodically through the miracle, and the cackling of Baudricourt's hens over their record laying of eggs blends with the hissing of Shavian geese. He does pay tribute, as one might expect, to the luminous spirit of man as it burns bright in his bonny maid, but he begs the question of Michael and Saint Catherine; as the reviewers seem to do in the case of the Lady of the Grotto, and as Werfel, most emphatically, did not when he wrote *The Song of Bernadette*.

There is one last coincidence to be noticed—the most amazing of all. In the epilog, little old Justin Marie Adolar Duconte Bouhouhorts, the merry florist of Pau and still known as "the Bouhouhorts child," because he was the first to have been healed in the miraculous spring, sits at seventy-seven upon a Roman terrace and sips the violet wine of the Campagna on the afternoon of the great day that has made little Bernadette Soubiours one of the Saints of God. It is quiet in the sidewalk cafe. "Under the heaven of Rome," as Werfel puts it, "where the Saints were gathered to welcome their new comrade, flew a military plane." The old Bouhouhorts child doesn't watch the plane for long, as it dips and circles up there in the "wild air, world-mothering air," of Gerard Manley Hopkins' Blessed Virgin. His eyes were blinking over the last decade of his rosary.

But what has this Roman idyll to do with our last coincidence? Only this: the June Book-of-the-Month Club's dual selection included, along with *The Song of Bernadette*, Major Alexander de Seversky's *Victory Through Air Power*. One has a shrewd suspicion that the florist of Pau would stake his hopes for peace as well as victory on another sort of air power altogether.

BOOKS

NAZIS ELIMINATE GOD

I WAS IN HELL WITH NIEMOELLER. By Leo Stein.
Fleming H. Revell Co. \$2.50

IF most of the penetrating studies of the evils of Nazism could be condensed into a single volume, it could scarcely do more than this simple, moving story to get down to real essence. That is no more, or rather no less, than the elimination of God and morality from government. A trite conclusion, yes, as trite as the decalog and likewise worthy of reiteration. Leo Stein, a German doctor of jurisprudence and church laws who was an intimate of Pastor Martin Niemoeller during their two years together in the living hell of Moabit prison and the Sachsenhausen concentration camp, tells a graphic and almost incredible tale of Nazi inhumanities. They could occur only under such a man as Hitler, who passionately declared himself to Niemoeller as more powerful than Christ.

The former pastor of Dahlem, a fashionable suburb of Berlin, is warmly presented by Dr. Stein as a man of saintly attributes, "a living symbol of Christianity and humanity." The Jewish author, who himself underwent much, plays down his own sufferings and the fortitude of his co-religionists in order to highlight those of Niemoeller and emphasize the persecution of Christianity, represented by other ministers and many priests. Sometimes Stein's personal devotion to the pastor results in implications that, admirable as were the priest prisoners, none quite equalled Niemoeller, especially in their effect on other prisoners. This we doubt, though of course Stein speaks only of those he knew.

Niemoeller's final entreaty to the writer was to "warn the people of the world." The result is not just a literary chamber of physical horrors, but a plenitude of lengthy quotations and paraphrases of the pastor's talks with Dr. Stein. These include his comments on the Nazi philosophy and Government and interesting critical judgments of Hitler, Hess, Goering, Goebbels, Rosenberg, Himmler, Streicher and others. He leaves no doubt that the fight against the Fuehrer and his Furies is a death struggle against an anti-Christ and his kingdom; the New Order, said Alfred Rosenberg, its pagan spiritual director, must be built on the ashes of Christianity. Dr. Stein, in scotching the rumors of Niemoeller's conversion to Catholicism, expresses the belief that they were spread by the Nazis as propaganda to alienate the Minister's Protestant admirers, but Stein speaks of Niemoeller's very high regard for the Church.

From this portrayal of the human degradation consequent on concerted efforts to eradicate God and break down Christian moral principles, those who in our own country loudly decry Hitler while they work and hope for the despiritualization of our social order might well draw some practical thoughts. NATHANIEL W. HICKS

PROFESSOR ELIMINATES LOGIC

HISTORY AND ITS NEIGHBORS. By Edward Maslin Hulme. Oxford University Press. \$2

THE Emeritus Professor of history, Stanford University, offers a short course in the materials, methods and aims of the study and writing of history. Much of it is sound enough, but the author is too deeply steeped in nineteenth-century liberal obscurantism to be a reliable guide. He speaks repeatedly of the "alleged" resurrection of Christ, but he regards the Darwinian theory of evolution not as a theory at all but as dogma. He seems to think that nobody has ever opposed Darwin but the

theologians, and why? Because Darwin (p. 142) "had divined a cosmic law to replace their primitive legends, and so they continued to pursue him with venomous invective," etc. This would be good enough from the village atheist, 1880 model, but a historian ought to be better informed and more judicious.

Discussing the credibility of evidence, Dr. Hulme states (p. 72) that "the testimony of well-meaning witnesses to an alleged miraculous fact is valueless unless they are also competent witnesses," and takes pains to impress on us that a competent witness is he who refuses to believe in miracles. Our hilarity mounts as we read on the next page: "The belief in miracles depends not upon the objective facts, but upon the subjective conditions of the minds of the witnesses." Or, in other words, heads my truth is objective, tails your truth is subjective.

But then, why should a mere historian be a better logician than that dean of modern logicians, Mr. Bertrand Russell, who defines rationality of opinion as "the habit of taking account of all relevant evidence in arriving at a belief," relevant evidence being the kind of evidence that Mr. Bertrand Russell considers rational?

Like all agnostic libertarians, Dr. Hulme is a great believer in authority as long as it is home-grown and hand-picked. His authority on miracles is Dean Inge: "... the abandonment of miracles as a fact of present-day experience is a great gain. Though we are still plagued with priestly frauds and bogus cures . . ." etc. (p. 73). His authority on the value of religion is James Harvey Robinson: "... the evil workings of religion are, to say the least, far more conspicuous and far more readily demonstrated than its good results . . ." etc. (p. 166). His authority for the unmasking of religion by modern psychology is Harry Elmer Barnes (p. 179). His authority for the worthlessness of Scholastic philosophy is himself, plus "some writers." (p. 179).

Dr. Hulme may mean what he says, but he does not always say what he means. Thus, on p. 59 he speaks of the restoration of the French monarchy under Louis-Philippe. An instance of slapdash judgment: on p. 46 Aristide Briand, that unconscious stooge of Stresemann, is described as "another Celt who had an instinctive ability to grasp the essentials of an issue." The proof-reading is regrettable. The bookbinding department plays hide-and-seek in the last twelve pages.

EUGENE BAGGER

ENTERPRISE AND RISK

SOCIAL GOALS AND ECONOMIC INSTITUTIONS. By Frank D. Graham. Princeton University Press. \$3

MR. GRAHAM clearly states his thesis on what should be the social goal uppermost in our economic efforts. Then in the main portion of his book, and by far the more trustworthy, he investigates how that goal is faring amid our actual economic institutions. He is well qualified to do this latter job. But he is not a philosopher, and while his statement of the goal to be sought is philanthropic enough, it is hardly scientific.

For we have come a long way in social thinking since the days of John Stuart Mill's essay on *Liberty*. And that is Mr. Graham's thesis: power *cum* freedom. "The scheme of social values which appeals to the present writer," he warns, "is not new. It does not differ basically from that of classical liberalism." (introd., p. xx) How refreshing to have a professional and eminent economist state that the vaunted, classical "school" did have a scheme of social values! But Mr. Graham gets more definite: in the conflict of human interests, a creed

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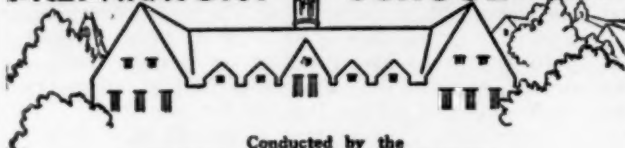
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is needed around which all men can rally, and it has three articles: 1. the world was made for man (a necessary myth), 2. power is "good," 3. coercion is "bad"; the social virtues, therefore, are those which inhibit the use of human power in the coercion of other men. So the supergoal of all social processes takes shape: "It might be possible to discover other more or less universal values, but those of human power and freedom are enough with which to write the code of social action. . . . The essence of social goals is the release and enlargement of the power of men as a whole." (p. 10) And: "The highest expression of freedom in the economic world lies in a volitional assumption of the responsibility and risk associated with enterprise." (p. 24) This is the power-cum-freedom thesis.

It is pretty obvious that our economic institutions have not done their best in maintaining even these social goals of economic liberalism, in either releasing economic power or distributing it. Profits, money, income distribution, credit, wages, residual shares, monopolistic competition—all are hailed before the court of power cum freedom.

Enterprisers have sought the power of profits without wishing to assume fully the responsibility of risk. Thus, they interfere with others' economic power. A reduction of output, for whatever purpose, if judged according to these social goals, is about the highest social crime. Misbehavior on the part of our monetary institutions is the principle source of fluctuations in total income and therefore in profits and employment.

So the series of indictments proceed. Perhaps most interesting is the treatment of wages: "... any considerable rise in the aggregate of real wages must be attained by increased productivity." (p. 74)

Mr. Graham has done a useful work for students of society today. We cannot agree with most of his normative thinking. But he makes lasting progress in this book by reviewing the treatment at the hands of today's economic institutions of even Liberalism's best social values. *Social Goals and Economic Institutions* should embolden the Catholic scholar to publicize even more, and within the range of professional economics, his social goals for economic institutions.

JAMES J. MCGINLEY

I, JAMES BLUNT. By H. V. Morton. Dodd, Mead Co. \$1
THIS is a short imaginary chronicle about conquered England in 1944, this year when Germany wins the war and raises the Swastika over Buckingham Palace; when Waterloo become Goebels Station; when Britishers become slaves.

It is a grim warning to all those who bury their heads in the sands, refusing to believe that what happened to Poland can happen to England.

MARY TOOMEY

DRIVIN' WOMAN. By Elizabeth Pickett Chevalier. The Macmillan Co. \$2.75

IN 1865 carpetbaggers tried to loot the once proud Golden Hill tobacco plantation in Virginia. The eldest daughter, eighteen-year-old America Moncure, defied them and even killed the one who attacked her sister, Palestine.

America is the "drivin' woman" in the story: she goes to Kentucky, marries a reckless cousin, who, after a year, disappears to escape a murder charge, and she goes to Tuckahoe, the tobacco farm willed to her unborn son. She alone knows that her husband is alive. Several times he stealthily returns to her but, to save her husband from the law, she never admits that he is the father of the second and third child. She works hard on her tobacco planting to educate, as best she can, the three children. From time to time she goes to straighten out the New York household of her weak-minded sister, Palestine, who married a "poor white" from North Carolina State who had made millions in Wall Street on the tobacco trusts.

The story, were it not for its rich background, would not be worth discussion. It is fantastic and the characters are unreal. The interest in the book lies in the story

of tobacco which is traced with vigor and color, from the struggling farmers who grow the leaf, through the flashy gambler who auctions it, to the business tycoon who grows rich on it. She carries the story to an exciting climax in the tobacco war between Wall Street and the humble growers in the South which finally ends, in 1911, when the Supreme Court makes its decision to end the tobacco trust.

It is unfortunate that such rich background should be wasted on melodramatic action and poor characterization.

MARY TOOMEY

THE ACTOR'S ART AND JOB. By Harry Irvine. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

MR. IRVINE'S book can be recommended to the young actor and actress, professional as well as amateur, as one of sound, practical value—almost as rare a thing in theatre publications as are common-sense books on the art and job of teaching in the field of education. Acting is, in no casual manner, akin to teaching; for the actor has, as has the teacher, a responsibility to society, the obligation to present truth and inspiration through personal communication; he is the vital instrument which brings to life the message in dramatic literature, and transmits that message in a peculiarly vivid manner to his audience, his fellow men.

There is here none of the pseudo-mysticism of Stanislavsky, nor of the almost ecstatic air of Boleslavsky's conversations on the actor's art. That acting is an art, requiring a mastery of technique, demanding devotion beyond dilettantism, is sanely, humorously but seriously insisted upon; and that acting is also a job, involving employer-employed relationships, mutual collaboration, and extraordinary initiative is as clearly stated.

But there still is room for a chapter on the social character of acting, on the actor's responsibility to society to take no part in occasional manifestations in the theatre which are not only unsocial but anti-social. The actor shares, with the producer and the playwright, the duty of the theatre to present truth without distortion, with decency, and with respect for natural law.

R. F. GRADY

LIVING UPSTAIRS. By Francis Meehan. E. P. Dutton and Co. \$2.50

NO ivory tower this upper room about which and from which the author writes; rather is it an eagle's aerie, whence he looks out with a keen eye over the fields of books and reading. It's a wise eye, too, grown kindly and discerning from forty years of reading and teaching. And so, the result is a series of mellow essays on authors and their brain-children.

The field covered is wide—the Classics, the moderns, prose, poetry, drama, the whole gamut of letters—but it is no pedant who speaks; the style is personal and, in a fine sense, humanistic. The emphasis throughout, of course, is on the "great" books, their wisdom, their abiding message. Perhaps the author rides a little too hard the metaphor of the Upper Room, with its Flat-Topped Desk and its Chair by the Window but it is a pleasant fantasy.

A certain Yale ex-professor is called, in the book blurbs, "the greatest reader of his day," but I would pit Mr. Meehan against him. Read the book for a spacious journey with the kind of man who is growing rarer these days, a tolerant and well read man.

DONALD G. GWYNN

WEST POINT, MOULDER OF MEN. By William H. Baumer, Jr., Major, U.S.A. D. Appleton-Century Co. \$3

IN a sense it is anomalous that a country so fondly wedded to the notion that peace is best achieved by complete unpreparedness for all emergencies should have conceived and brought to maturity so fine a military institution as West Point. Any doubt in the lay mind as to the superlative quality of the Academy will vanish after a reading of Major Baumer's book. Admittedly it is a partisan account, as he has been both a student and

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instructor there, but it is reinforced by facts and figures. Apparently almost any information one might seek about the school is touched on here for the author has covered his subject accurately, and from every conceivable approach. The history, physical aspects of the place, cadet training and life are described soberly and thoroughly, but not without a dash of humor.

Some hint as to the integrity of the West Post training which has so impressed its character upon the national Army is to be gained from Major Baumer's statistics as to graduates. Since 1802, there have been only 13,000 West Pointers. In the present Army of untold millions there are a mere 7,000. Nevertheless in spite of this thin core of men, when one thinks of a good officer one thinks of West Point.

The book is recommended to anyone who wants to know more about a great American institution.

JOHN F. DRUM

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW ABOUT GEORGE WASHINGTON.
By George Morgan Knight, Jr., and Richard Harwood-Staderman. The American Good Government Society, Washington, D. C. \$5

INTIMATE GLIMPSES OF OLD SAINT MARY'S. Same Authors and Publishers. \$5

SOMEHOW, the fates have steadily set their faces against preserving the records of the past in the oldest English-speaking Catholic region of the New World. With unfailing regularity, the old historic landmarks—manors and manor houses—have passed out of the ownership of the original Maryland community into the hands of the "outsider," and, still worse, frequently the absentee. Least of all have Maryland Catholics succeeded either in retaining or recapturing their old properties.

Even written records have perished to an astonishing extent, through fire, in great part; through neglect and much lack of the historic sense even in the very recent past. Among the Protestants, zealous antiquarian or patriotic organizations and funds have to some extent supplied the deficiency. Catholic attempts at such endeavors are doomed in practically every instance to failure, partly from general apathy, chiefly from complete absence of funds.

Little is left, therefore, for the inquirer into the past to do, save a bit of gleaning among the local legends, or to take photographs of the spots whose history is now so largely a conjecture. Mr. Knight, a Southern Maryland journalist and resident of Leonardtown, has for many years engaged in this task and done some enthusiastic collecting. These two illustrated volumes are the result. The *Old Saint Mary's* is rather slight (128 pages.)

The George Washington story gives a number of interesting side-lights about the Father of our Country, such as the "mock funeral" which was held upon the Eastern Shore for him out of veneration, after his death; and the many spots he visited or frequented in Charles and Saint Mary's Counties in Maryland, including the Jesuit missions.

There is not much to say about the legends of Saint Mary's; there have always been a fair crop of such. I tracked some of them down, in former years, to find they landed nowhere; have also watched them in process of formation. You take them for what they are worth; there are some good fish in Mr. Knight's diligent haul.

JOHN LAFARGE

EUGENE BAGGER, residing in the Bahamas, is a well known author who has much first-hand experience of the cross-currents of modern liberalism. JAMES J. MCGINLEY, a Fordham M.A. in Economics, is pursuing graduate courses in that subject at Columbia University.

JOHN F. DRUM, of Boston, is a lawyer whose interest in military affairs is quite natural and familial.

THEATRE

PORGY AND BESS. It has taken me a long time to get around to my revival review of Gershwin's *Porgy and Bess*. This, I am passionately assured by the press representative, was due to an oversight on his part. He forgot to send me tickets! On my part, the late review has two additional explanations. The first, as my readers must long have suspected, is that I prefer straight plays to musical comedies or operettas. The second is because I correctly assumed that *Porgy and Bess* was in for such a long run that a review of it would be timely any time within a year or two.

There is still another explanation. The vast majority of plays presented to New York this season went off with such bewildering rapidity that it was usually hard and sometimes impossible to get a review of newcomers into this weekly column before they left us. Very often less than a week's run found a play making its tragic journey into storage. But *Porgy and Bess* are still with us at the Majestic; and I will now take them up with fitting respect for their merit and popular appeal.

Some of the reviewers seem to regard the Gershwin offering as folk opera. Whatever it is, it has made its way into the hearts of New Yorkers, and it deserves its success. Most playgoers will remember its debut about twelve years ago, as a deeply moving human story of Negro life, brightened by outbursts of popular and very "taking" music. Personally, I have vividly remembered Porgy's song, *I Got Plenty of Nothin'*, as well as *My Man's Gone Now*, *Summer Time* and several others. But there is no question that, vivid and interesting as the original play was, the new version, produced by Cheryl Crawford and staged by Robert Ross, has immensely pepped it up.

I hasten to admit that I got a great deal of my enjoyment of it from a young sailor sitting beside me. He was a stranger, but that never fazes me when a stranger is alone and is in the uniform of our Army or Navy. If he has a girl with him I let the happy pair alone, of course. But if he is unaccompanied he becomes my unresisting prey, as this boy did.

During the first intermission he explained. This was his second evening in New York. He came from a remote Western farm, and to quote his own words he "had never been anywhere before." He had always wanted to visit big theatres, so he had headed for *Face Forward* his first night in New York and had "liked it a lot." He liked this show, on his second night, even better. The drama in it strongly appealed to him. He actually trembled over the big "wake" scene. He also roared over the humor, and he thought the dancing and the music were "swell." I endorsed his opinions and repeat them now as my own.

Most playgoers are familiar with the story of Negro life told in the original New York production—the brief love affair between Porgy, the crippled beggar, and Bess, the belle of Catfish Row, after her first lover, Crown, had fled from the police. Bess had failed Crown. In turn she deserts Porgy, who, faithful to the end, is shown following her in his little goat-cart as the final curtain falls. My sailor boy did not quite approve of that climax.

"She ain't worth it," he confided to me. "But just the same it's a swell show!"

It certainly is. Most members of the excellent original company are back in their old roles, including Todd Duncan and Anne Brown as "Porgy and Bess." Ruby Ezra is again a perfect Serena, and Harriet Jackson is excellent in her new role as Clara. Gershwin's music is still brilliantly enchanting, and the whole production is superb.

Porgy and Bess should run another year!

ELIZABETH JORDAN

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FILMS

THE PRIDE OF THE YANKEES. This is not a baseball picture, as many might suppose from the title. True, baseball atmosphere is pumped liberally into the sequences, famed Yankees, like Babe Ruth, Bill Dickey, Mark Koenig, Bob Meusel, make appearances, and numerous peeps at diamond activity are afforded. But these features constitute background and are not an essential portion of the film's fabric, for the photoplay is the picturized life-story of Lou Gehrig the man rather than of Lou the ball player. The incidents dipped out of the "Iron Man's" early and later years and woven into this screen biography possess none of the sharp conflicts necessary for tense drama until toward the end, when Lou, stricken with a mysterious and deadly disease, receives a mammoth public tribute and bids farewell to the game. Nevertheless, though moving along quietly for the most part, the film unfolds a touching story surcharged with human interest. A splendid cast, headed by Gary Cooper as Lou and Teresa Wright, of *Mrs. Miniver* fame, as Lou's wife, contribute polished performances. Directed by Sam Wood, the film provides interesting, if not exciting, family fare. (RKO)

PANAMA HATTIE. This is the Broadway musical comedy transferred from stage to screen and looking immeasurably cleaner after its contact with the Hollywood laundering machinery. The story, as is customarily the case with musicals, is not very involved or subtle or significant. Ann (Panama Hattie Maloney) Sothorn is an entertainer in the Canal Zone; her charms have captivated an Army officer, the gentleman in question deriving from exclusive Philadelphia society. Marsha Hunt makes futile efforts to divert the officer's attentions from Hattie to herself. Three sailors—Red Skelton, Rags Ragland and Ben Blue—take care of the hilarity, while the three colored Berry Brothers attend to the dancing chores. This musical comedy, directed by Norman Z. McLeod, is not one of those in-name-only affairs. It has the comedy, some good Cole Porter music, eye-filling Berry dancing, and rates as better than average adult entertainment. (MGM)

TISH. Marjorie Main here blossoms forth as Tish, the character created by the Mary Roberts Rinehart magazine stories. Tish, an eccentric, elderly spinster hides a warm heart beneath a cold, tough exterior. To curb her flair for swearing, she fines herself a dime or more for each swear word (they are of the mild, non-sulphurous brand) that rolls off her lips. The train of events which provides most of the film's comedy rises from a conspiracy launched by Tish and some of her lady friends, the purpose of the conspirators being to marry off an orphan girl to Tish's nephew. The orphan secretly weds another boy and dies in childbirth. Things become quite complicated when Tish thinks her nephew is the baby's father. Too much dialog and not enough action put the film a bit on the slow side. On the other hand, there are some funny situations, a plot that holds one's interest and a good cast, including Lee Bowman, Zasu Pitts, Guy Kibbee. The picture rises just a mite above routine diversion. It is for adults. (MGM)

A-HAUNTING WE WILL GO. The reputation of Laurel and Hardy as screen comedians can scarcely stand up under many more films like this one. L. and H., thinking a casket contains a dead man, agree to accompany it to another town. A live gangster occupies the coffin, which becomes mixed up with the apparatus of Dante, the magician. L. and H. assist Dante in his interesting act. Numerous complications flicker forth but no sustained comedy does in this family picture. (Twentieth Century-Fox)
 JOHN A. TOOMEY

CORRESPONDENCE

SCIENTIFIC STRAW MEN

EDITOR: It was amusing to note that your latest endeavor to sideswipe science put you at a loss for an accurate label for your vehicle. I refer to Vincent E. Smith's article, *Science Will Work for Any Master*, in the July 11 issue. If AMERICA must continue to hamstring straw men, why not improve the technique?

The butchery in this case was quite obvious. Mr. Smith condescended to toss a few cautiously worded encomiums to "the great geniuses of modern times" as he might corn to white leghorns. Then in that proprietary tone peculiar to those to whom all truth has been committed, viz. the Scholastic philosophers, the author asks, "... what is the deeper meaning of science as a co-efficient of culture?" It would certainly have been less embarrassing for the editor and more appropriate for Mr. Smith as a burgeoning epistemologist if he had first determined whether or not science, as employed in his article, had any precise meaning whatever.

While it is true that some scientists, usually only the vociferous variety, such as Hooton of Harvard, would like to make their science "the supreme arbiter of human values," still this tendency is by no means as universal as Mr. Smith's loose terminology would imply.

Over a period of years I have observed that Catholic scientists and Catholic philosophers frequently fail to participate even in a passive way at those meetings where the really big scientists are discussing their work and its importance. This indifference is, of course, one of many crimes of Catholic educators; it is, moreover, the probable source of Mr. Smith's misunderstanding.

Spring Hill, Ala.

JOHN H. MARKS

SCIENCE LEANS ON LATIN

EDITOR: A hearty epistolary handshake to Vincent E. Smith for his beautifully reasoned article, *Science Will Work For Any Master*, (AMERICA, July 11).

Recently in a final Latin examination to a sophomore group, I proposed this question; "Comment on the following statement: Even in a highly industrialized country at war it is urgently necessary that the study of Latin be continued to the advantage both of the individual and of the state." One budding Latinist was frank enough to scribble: "My Latin keeps me so busy I haven't time to think of the war!"

In general, however, it was most revealing to learn that even a second-year high-school group has a fine sense of the relative values of studies. Thus: "Latin helps us to think clearly and accurately as does no other study." That is "the habit of definite, exact thought" which Professor Whitehead of Harvard deems essential to the scientist. Answering Mr. Smith, science can lean at least one very reluctant elbow on Latin.

Boston, Mass.

JAMES J. REILLY

OVER-DUE CLAIM

EDITOR: William J. Grace, in *Shakespeare's Real Catholicism* (AMERICA, June 27), has made a move that I have often wondered why Catholics have been so reluctant to make. As Mark Twain has pointed out, all the actual facts concerning the man Shakespeare can be set down on a visiting card; but all the hypotheses, suppositions, surmises, fictions and lies that have gone into the building of the biography of Shakespeare fill many volumes.

Thus, really all we know concerning the man who wrote the immortal dramas which bear his name is what

is embodied in these same works themselves. In them we learn that the author of these dramas was a man who was profoundly versed in the Law, who had a broad and thorough knowledge of the Classics, was familiar with Ancient and Modern History, and had a most intimate acquaintance with statecraft in all its varied ramifications. In a word, he could not have been the obscure and second-rate actor that all the various biographies show him to be.

From the same source we also know that the author of these dramas was a profound Catholic, and could not have been a Protestant. His only reaction to the Protestant revolt, which was going strong during his life time, is his complete silence regarding it. The nearest he seems to come to it is in *Measure for Measure*, where the hypocritical Angelo gives us a picture of Protestantism on parade.

Yes, it is high time the Catholics came forward to claim the greatest name in English literature, for the man who wrote Shakespeare's dramas was none other than a devout Catholic.

Toluca, Mexico.

ROYAL P. JARVIS

OUR LADY AT CALVARY

EDITOR: At a public Library here, an enthusiastic librarian placed a book in my hands with the admonition: "Read it: it is a marvelous tonic for the fever of today." The book was *Living Under Tension*, by Harry Emerson Fosdick. I opened it casually and on page 235 read this:

The Fourth Gospel says, to be sure, that Jesus' Mother was there, but the Fourth Gospel was not written before 100 A.D. and the first three Gospels, written earlier, say nothing of Jesus' Mother at Calvary, I am afraid that we will have to stand by the first three Gospels. I am afraid he really was alone.

What do our biblical scholars and chronologists have to answer to this statement which attempts to nullify our beautiful Liturgy, prayers, music, poetry, art?

Philadelphia, Pa.

ADELAIDE M. DELANEY

INDULGENCES ON A PRAYER

EDITOR: In three successive issues of AMERICA, I have been somewhat intrigued by a picture (among the advertisements) showing the Saints that are invoked during the Canon of the Mass. There is nothing to indicate that the picture is for sale; the purpose of the "ad" seems to be to make known an invocation printed beneath the illustration, which reads: "O Madonna and Saints of the Mass, pray that assistance at the daily Sacrifice may increase. 50 days." Surely, an excellent prayer!

The "50 days" evidently is meant to inform the reader that he can gain an indulgence of fifty days by saying the invocation. Most likely this is only partly correct. This ejaculatory prayer is not in the *Preces et Pia Opera*, the authentic collection of indulgenced prayers and pious works, published in Rome, in 1938. One may safely surmise that the author of the invocation requested his Bishop to indulge it. This His Excellency could do, to the extent of 50 days, but only in his own jurisdiction. (This is in accordance with Canon 349, §2, 2°.) An Archbishop can grant an indulgence of 100 days; not merely in his own archdiocese, but for the entire province of which he is the metropolitan (Canon 274, 2°).

The above information is not meant to dissuade any-

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body from saying the invocation; but those who say it ought to know that they cannot be certain of gaining the indulgence;—unless they know they are living in the diocese of the Bishop that indulgenced it. Not all worthwhile prayers are indulgenced. The best-known of all, the Our Father, the Hall Mary, the Glory, when said singly at any time, are not indulgenced.

Kokomo, Ind.

F. JOS. MUTCH

RAW DEAL AT VERSAILLES

EDITOR: Mr. Ludwig Grein, in his letter of July 4, concludes by saying: "Is there still anyone who maintains that Germany received a raw deal at Versailles?" I maintain it and here are some of the reasons why I do: "At the close of the war, although exhausted and defeated, they identified in the intervention of Woodrow Wilson and in the language of his Fourteen Points the promise alike of reasonable peace terms and of a rapid reconciliation with their former foes. Instead, in the Treaty of Versailles, the German people had discovered not the smallest survival of the promise of the Fourteen Points." The above is from Frank H. Simonds, *Price of Peace*.

Thirty-three billion dollars was demanded of Germany and she actually paid twelve and a half billions of this debt. Germany, a great industrial country, lost all her industries because she lost Alsace-Lorraine and Silesia which provided her with essential coal and iron necessary for industries. She lost 27,200 square miles to the Allies; 65,200,000 Germans were now living in a truncated area; all her colonies were taken away—hence her markets were gone; Versailles took all of the German Merchant Marine.

I end with a quote from Sidney B. Fay's, *Origins of the World War*: "But the verdict of the Versailles Treaty that Germany and her allies were responsible for the war, in view of the evidence now available, is historically unsound."

Maryland

H. J. C.

LITHUANIAN COMMENT

EDITOR: You may be interested in reading the following translation of an editorial comment that appeared July 11, 1942 in the Lithuanian Catholic Daily, *Draugas*, published here in Chicago:

We must congratulate our old newspaperman, Frank Gudas, whose notes on various contemporary problems appear now more frequently in English publications. In the July 11 issue of *AMERICA*, the noted Catholic weekly, we find his interesting letter entitled: "Lapses, Not Collapse." Among other matters, Mr. Gudas comments with deep regret on the lack of solidarity among Catholic nations. He cites, as particular examples, the South American Republics, the nations of central Europe and others.

It would be well if more of our Lithuanian writers would contribute to English journals and newspapers. It is important that we try to place the Lithuanian name into the foreground. The example of Mr. Gudas should be followed.

Chicago, Ill.

FRANK GUDAS

PAGE-MARKING PESTS

EDITOR: I am one of those souls who must needs read religious books constantly to keep my anemic soul alive. I extract books from the excellent Cathedral Library; and if I sin instead of gaining the grace I seek, this should be charged to the nitwits who have a mania for marking words and whole passages, on practically every page.

I have worn down two erasers, worn the page thin, lost both my temper and the thread of the argument—all to preserve the author's words as he offered them

to the public. Between outbursts I am trying to read the well-bred Cardinal Newman who, I suppose, would rather die than mutilate a public book; I cannot understand how any Catholic, literate enough to have heard of this writer (and others) can be so ill-bred and so ignorant of the Seventh Commandment, or to be so tyrannical as to want to impress his concept of emphasis, as to mark up every page of any volume. The great Augustine and the urbane Cornelius Cyprian Clifford were my more recent experiences, where page after page had numerous underlinings and marginal notes.

New York, N. Y. READER

BOOK-BORROWING ANGEL

EDITOR: May I pay a tribute to the rectitude of a most worthy and deserving person? Many moons ago, just exactly when I cannot say, there was borrowed from the files of AMERICA Library a number of the English *Clergy Review*. Well, that number has been returned through the mail, anonymously, but returned for all that. And I am obliged in conscience to revise my opinion of the borrowers of books and periodicals.

New York, N. Y.

CUSTOS LIBRORUM

AGAIN ON CHRIST THE WORKER

EDITOR: The discussion about the title "Christ the Worker" in the letter of Father Smith, S.J., (AMERICA, July 25) and in many communications received privately pro and contra, turns about the incident of possible abuse, which the present writer did not fear so much among Catholic workers, but among workers of all or no persuasion. It seems, therefore, necessary to restate the original question: "Is the title Christ the Worker dogmatically sound?"

The occasion that prompted my first letter was a long discussion among theologians, brought about by the fact that three prominent magazines used the title in a *soteriological*, not merely a devotional, sense. Another one published an article by an author who had used the title, Christ the Worker, in a similar article but substituted Christ the Man. This in turn elicited a dispute on the dogmatic soundness of the title. That induced me, a peaceful man, no longer of the rising generation, to sound a warning to protect the important labor schools against possible harm. Rome might condemn the title (I do not say a devotion to Christ Who labored), and what then? The present controversy must be confined to the title.

The title, Christ the Worker, is really a combination of two titles; it means The Anointed plus the Worker. Hence, it is the Absolute qualified by an accident. The title Anointed is exclusively due to Jesus and the predicate Worker might be given to any human who happened to belong to the working class. Pope Leo XIII says in his Encyclical that the workers should learn from Joseph who was a laborer like themselves. The Catholic labor movement deserves and demands the sympathy of both clergy and laity, but this relation should not be jeopardized by a title that is not liked by a great majority of Catholics. They somehow feel that it is not the right thing to mix the Divine with the "proletariat." It does not square with their idea of God, and they consider it a novelty. Such novelty-seeking for publicity purposes is not rare in English-speaking lands. "Vox populi, vox Dei." The present writer believes that it could be soundly established that the title Christ the Worker is in itself superfluous, incorrect, improper and derogatory to the Saviour.

No, the writer was not nodding when he wrote that Liturgy is the Deposit of Faith. He was simply repeating what Cardinal Schuster, Tanquary and others had said before him unchallenged. "*Lex orandi, lex credendi.*" With charity and continued good will, the writer rests his case and will keep silent until something of real value in solving the question is presented.

New York, N. Y. KILIAN J. HENNRICH, O.F.M. CAP.

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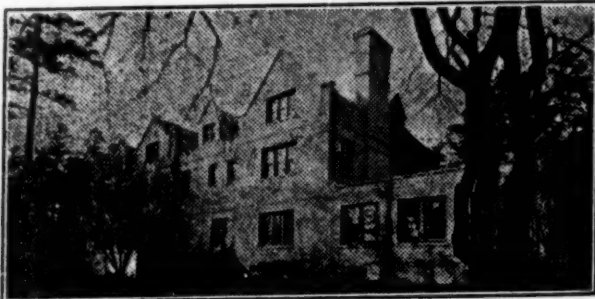
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EVENTS

THE lifelong nature of the impressions received in childhood was brought to light by the week's news. . . . In the Far West, a seventy-five-year-old man was found who had never been included in a census. He had imbibed a horror of the census from his father and the horror became second-nature. . . . So dear was the 157-year-old ancestral home of a Maine citizen that when he moved to California he took the venerable edifice with him. . . . An Iowa man, ninety-three years of age, has never seen a movie, intends never to see one. As a boy, he was trained to devote all his leisure time to reading the Bible, and is thus immune to the pull of the silver screen. . . . A Virginia citizen walked into a police station and confessed a murder he committed twenty-five years ago. He could not silence his conscience, developed in his childhood years. It was torturing him.

Practically all the poets, both major and minor, have testified to the lasting influence of life's early years. . . . Even decidedly prosaic objects associated with childhood have left an indelible imprint on poetic minds. . . . An aged bucket, for example, could never be forgotten by Samuel Woodworth. Memorializing this bucket, Woodworth gasped: "The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket, The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well. . . . And now, far removed from the loved habitation, The tears of regret will intrusively swell, As fancy reverts to my father's plantation, And sighs for the bucket that hangs in the well. . . . A tree affected George Pope Morris just as the bucket touched Woodworth. . . . Addressing a woodchopper, Morris exclaimed: "Woodman, spare that tree! Touch not a single bough! In youth it sheltered me, And I'll protect it now. . . . When but an idle boy, I sought its grateful shade; In all their gushing joy, Here, too, my sisters played. . . . While I've a hand to save, The axe shall harm it not. . . . John Greenleaf Whittier, who in his younger years went around without shoes, had fond memories stirred, later in life, by the sight of a shoeless boy, and gave tongue as follows: "Blessings on thee, little man, Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan! . . . From my heart I give thee joy,—I was once a barefoot boy! Oh for boyhood's painless play, Sleep that wakes in laughing day, Health that mocks the doctor's rules. . . . Speaking of a young Judge and a girl named Maud Muller, who might have married but didn't, Whittier blurted out: "God pity them both; and pity us all, Who vainly the dreams of youth recall. For of all sad words of tongue or pen, The saddest are these: It might have been!" . . . Such nostalgia was felt by Elizabeth Akers Allen for the days of her first childhood that she begged Time to "backward," turn backward in its flight, and make her (Elizabeth) a child again "just for tonight." . . . Thomas Hood allowed his mind to concentrate a great deal on the house of his birth, at one time letting go thus: "I remember, I remember The house where I was born, The little window where the sun Came peeping in at morn; . . . But now 'tis little joy To know I'm farther off from Heaven Than when I was a boy." . . . Memories of childhood hit Thomas Moore oft in the still night Ere slumber's chain had bound him. At that time, Fond Memory brought the light of other days around him, "The smiles, the tears Of boyhood's years." . . . Lord Byron sighed over the ephemeral nature of childhood, declaring: "There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away." . . .

The training of boys and girls in their formative years is of transcendent importance. . . . Each year, many young Catholics lose their Faith or have that Faith weakened through attendance at non-Catholic schools. . . . To paraphrase Lord Byron—there's not a thing the world (of secular education) can give equal to that it takes away.

THE PARADER